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AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 119 (2279).—VOL. V. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 6, 1860.

REVIEWS.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER.*

Most people, we imagine, will like such volumes as these, which are pleasantly written, and contain a fair share of interesting gossip about interesting people. The authoress has had an extensive acquaintance among those who have been distinguished in the worlds of politics, art, literature, and fashion. She affords an excellent example of the peculiar excellences and peculiar deficiencies that are supposed to characterise our lady writers. Of course, we do not expect any metaphysical conceptions of individual genius, any profound analysis of character, any critical estimate of the value of famous works. But the authoress has a clear eye for whatever is passing upon the surface of society. She is less inclined to give due appreciation to the powers than to chronicle the peculiarities of remarkable people. We should feel inclined to doubt her judgment on any grave question, but we think her stories are decidedly pretty and tolerably authentic; and to her authority on the subject of people's height and complexion, the colour of their hair and eyes, we should feel disposed to bow with implicit reliance. She is one of those authors from whom we gather the stupidities of the clever, the follies of the sensible, the littlenesses of the great. Such people afford a humble, but requisite, service to literature in helping us to settle our idea of the literary character, and to fix our opinions of literary men. They are the valets and ladies'-maids of literature, to whom the hero is not altogether a hero, nor the heroine altogether a heroine. The present volumes will remind many of their lady correspondents who rejoice in abundant utterance. We have to scatter the hay before we can find the needle, and turn over many pages before we can alight upon the postscript. We are very sure that, before long, we shall be rewarded by some welcome piece of news, some piquant trait of character, some choice morsel of sense and observation. These we are ready enough to accept with thankfulness; but, in the meantime, we own that we distrust the judgment, we do not feel quite certain about the facts, and we skip the sentimentalities.

The work leads off with something about Lord Melbourne. The table of contents, we should say, is very varied. We could scarcely, at will, have selected a more brilliant galaxy. Unfortunately all this glitter is not gold. We are occasionally interrupted by episodic narratives and disquisitional digressions. Mr. Justice Crowder is transformed into a shocking example of "extreme destitution;" and Mr. Valpy serves to open up the interior of Bethlehem Hospital. In the old days of the annuals, our authoress had written a story in one of them, to which Lord Melbourne had contributed some sonnets. From this slender circumstance a somewhat lengthened intimacy arose. She found, upon acquaintance, that Lord Melbourne was much more of a literary character than most people have suspected. She was much struck at his power, as it is popularly expressed, of "reading one at a glance." Lord Melbourne told her, which we can well believe, that the Queen was remarkable for her

clear steady gaze, and that no one would venture upon aught other than the perfect truth before her Majesty. The authoress hints at the strong shadows which were interwoven with Lord Melbourne's gay and splendid career. Yet notwithstanding his terrible domestic calamities, the insanity of his wife and only son, he always kept undisturbed the gaiety of his smile and the easy pleasantness of his manner. The paper on Lady Blessington gives occasion to a mention of the Emperor Napoleon, who, during his residence in England, was a most constant visitor at Gore House. We do not object to this, but we also have a digression on spiritualism, such as occur on several other occasions in these volumes, and we are sorry to find that the authoress, though unavowedly, is a believer in these so-called supernatural visitations. Of Lord Macaulay there is an anecdote given, which strikes us as being new, although we confess that we do not attach much credence to it:—

"Mr. Preston told a lady, who had rallied him for his excessive predilection for the lad's society, she holding that Hannah More's suggestion that her young friend should be 'very neat' was not sufficiently attended to, and Tom being in her eyes chiefly noticeable for unbrushed apparel, unkempt hair, and strong antipathy to soap and water—'All you say is true madam, but it is also certain that Tom Macaulay is an extraordinary young man; he has much classical and more miscellaneous reading, a vivid imagination, and a prodigious memory; nor do I, either in or out of Cambridge, know any one with whom I can converse more pleasantly, or would prefer as my companion in my rambles of a Saturday afternoon.' Both were right. Young Tom worshipped the Muses ardently, but paid no court whatever to the Graces. Some few weeks after the conversation we have above adverted to, as Mr. Preston, with his sisters and their visitor, sat after supper in the library at Shelford, his reverence was startled, and the females terrified, by loud cries of rage and furious expostulation, mixed with half-smothered laughter, proceeding from the pupils' room. Thither the Vicar, followed by the ladies, hurried, and there saw Tom Macaulay held down forcibly in an arm-chair by three of his schoolfellows, while a fourth was shaving him. Mr. Preston's entrance released the future orator from confinement, and Tom, almost beside himself with fury, amidst uproarious and utterly irrepressible shouts of merriment, spluttered forth his grievances, three parts eloquence and the remaining quarter soap-suds. At length, when out of breath with raving, the well-lathered plaintiff ceased his torrents of volubility. Mr. Preston looked towards the aggressors for an explanation. 'Sir,' cried their spokesman, 'we are sorry to have disturbed your quiet. But Tom Macaulay's slovenly habits are disrespectful to your sisters, to their visitor, and to yourself; they bring, moreover, much discredit upon us all. We have often threatened him, but he will take no warning; and so this evening we resolved to give him a thorough cleaning.' Mr. Preston heard, pondered, and anon delivered a judgment, his sentence being worthy of King Solomon or Sancho Panza. He forbade the use of razors, as being too dangerous, and indeed premature; but with that sole restriction gave full licence to Tom's schoolfellows to employ comb, brush, and towel upon the recalcitrant whenever forcible ablution should be necessary."

The authoress has two pet weaknesses, the one is for sermons, and the other for the theatre. One unfortunate result is this, that she sermonises about players, and is theatrical about preachers. We imagined that Mr. Sheridan Knowles, who has figured in both characters, would be an especial favourite. But she did not like the great dramatist as an actor, and has not heard him as a preacher. She, however, gives us an account of an evening at Worthing, where she insinuates—in very questionable taste—that Mr. Knowles's after-supper speech was dictated

by after-supper influences. Our readers will scarcely be surprised to find that Mr. Spurgeon commands her implicit reverence, but that Mr. Bellew is her favourite divine. The authoress makes some contributions to the current Spurgeoniana. It appears that the youthful Spurgeon once sent in an essay for a prize competition, with this title, affixed, "Anti-christ and his Brood, or Popery Unmasked, by a Boy under Sixteen Years of Age." Having thus discomfited Bellarmine at sixteen, we naturally find him at the mature age of eighteen settled as the pastor of a Baptist conventicle. His popularity became so marked, that upon the occasion of his marriage a detachment of police was found necessary to keep order, we presume among his disappointed female admirers. It seems he duly became the father of twins, and, by a happy coincidence, "one the miniature resemblance of himself, the other of his wife." He was in the pulpit when the intelligence of the twins was first brought to him. He at once gave out the appropriate hymn

"Though less than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more."

At this point we are sorry to say that a great many pages of extracts from French and American papers, respecting Mr. Spurgeon, give us a suspicion of book-making. Our authoress makes a statement, which, if it is correct, does Mr. Spurgeon great honour. She says that he gives the largest portion of his considerable income to the clothing, education, and maintenance of young men intended for the ministry.

Mr. Bellew, however, is mainly reserved for a shower of adjectives such as ladies of a liberal disposition alone know how to express ungrudgingly. Elsewhere the authoress discusses the late Robert Montgomery, part of whose mantle has fallen upon Mr. Bellew, although this gentleman is inferior to Montgomery in theological attainments and literary ability. She is very severe upon poor Montgomery's original name of Gomery, but she makes no allusion to Mr. Bellew's primitive appellation of Higgins. It appears that Mr. Bellew excels in reciting Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," although he scarcely equals Mr. Thackeray's recitations, who sometimes begins a recitation "with a low, melancholy, almost wailing chaunt." The authoress wishes Mr. Bellew to learn to spout "The Burial of Sir John Moore," which we believe is a favourite piece in the "Schoolboy's Speaker." We are glad to hear of several amiable traits in Mr. Bellew's character. For instance, he is very tolerant in his opinions, and is very fond of children—or, as the authoress expresses it with greater elegance, he has "the most comprehensive tenderness for the infantile population." But a Bellew is not all tenderness. He has his dormant thunders. There is a latent "savagery" in his disposition. His complexion has assumed a "celestial rosy red" under the influence of strong excitement. "When looking at his mouth, even should it break into a smile, you cannot help fearing that a sneer will mar and mingle with it." After all this, we are not at all surprised to meet with a very feeble chapter on the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, one of those few men who may be denominated truly great, and who require a very different kind of appreciation to that proffered to Mr. Bellew. With Edward Irving the authoress is a little more successful; but then poor Irving's "raven hair and pallid countenance" have always rendered him an object of interest to the ladies.

Some of these "Traits" exhibit the infirm-

* *Traits of Character: being Twenty-five Years' Literary and Personal Recollections.* By a Contemporary. (London: Hurst and Blackett.)

ties of distinguished men in a really depressing point of view. Dr. Kitchener, verging upon sixty, and devoting the powers of a fine mind to the elaboration of sauces, is scarcely an object upon which we care to dwell. Tom Moore had excellent reason, besides the shortness of his stature, for his sobriquet of "Little." He was a very little man in his toadyism of the nobility, a very little man in his susceptibility to the charms of every pretty woman he met. Though blessed with the best Bessie in the world, he indulged in various flirtations, and boasted of various successes, in a manner that deserves to be harshly stigmatised. Liston, the surgeon, is a singular picture, offensive to his patients, and lavishing fondness upon his cat, and always swearing roughly and rudely even in the presence of ladies. Our authoress was introduced to "L. E. L." at the time when her contributions to this journal were introducing her to public fame. The young poetess, however, declined to be drawn out. Most unromantically, she would persist in talking about what she most liked to eat. When, in a burst of almost lyric fervour, the English Sappho was asked by a gentleman what she would choose if some good fairy would offer her some choice gift, there was an unhesitating reply, "A large plum-cake." One of the things that strike us as somewhat remarkable about this book, is the superabundant eulogy which is bestowed upon some living characters. Besides the most favourable literary criticism, Mr. Bellew is complimented on "the juvenility of his appearance." Another gentleman is commended for "the sagacious counsel, the profoundest thought, the most erudite wisdom." Mrs. Newton Crossland must feel inexpressibly gratified at being complimented on her "good taste in dress," her eyes "large and dark," her hair "of a dark brown, very abundant in quantity." Is it possible that an equivalent of approbation is expected somewhere else? We know that sinners lend to sinners, hoping that they shall receive as much again.

Incidentally, we have noticed several interesting and amusing points. We have observed, however, with regret, a strong dash of superstition in our authoress, who believes in ominous numbers, &c. To pass to some lighter topics. In an account of poor Tyrone Power, who went down in the ill-fated President, we read of a striking incident and profound remark that occasioned the mutual introduction. "The first words I heard him utter as he raised a tempting and delicate limb of a fowl upon his fork, were, 'Will you allow me to offer you this wing?'" This circumstance is truly affecting and original. We are told a pleasant story of a gentlemen who took two sittings at a fashionable west end chapel, one for himself and one for his hat. There is another of a county M.P. who had ten pair of scissors on his dressing-table—a pair for each nail. We are also told of a lady of forty who unblushingly avowed to her friends that it was her nightly prayer that she might preserve her young looks.

Our readers will perceive that this work has its full share of faults, which we have not hesitated to indicate. On the whole, however, we are very glad that we have read these volumes, and we imagine that this will be the feeling of those of our readers who follow our example. We should not omit to mention the kind and genial feeling that pervades all this writer's pages. "Nil nisi bonum" might serve as a general motto. These mild tactics ought to conciliate our regard for a work, although their tendency is scarcely to increase its value.

PROFESSOR FORBES' REPLY.*

If there be any pursuit which, from its very nature, should engender mental calm and soften down asperity of feeling, it is that of philosophy. Practically speaking, however, it is not found that even its greatest and most untiring followers are less ready than the generality of men to enter the arena of controversy whenever the scientific position receives a shock, either real or imaginary. We have just perused a pamphlet by Professor Forbes in reply to certain observations made by Professor Tyndall in his recent work on "Glaciers of the Alps;" these observations being regarded by Professor Forbes as equivalent to a charge of a suppression of a knowledge "of the antecedent labours of others in the same field," and requiring "to be openly met by the person whose character is really in question much more than his originality." When Dr. Forbes published his admirable "Travels in the Alps" in 1843, the subject of glacier formation was attracting but little general attention, and we are bound to state, that, prior to the appearance of his work, the current knowledge had but little scientific exactitude. The two theories to this time best known, at least in this country, were those of De Saussure and Carpenter. According to the former, the glacier was supposed, from its weight, to slide boldly down an inclined plane, in obedience to the law of gravity. The latter theory assumed the existence of water in the crevasses of the mass, and that the fluid, by its expansion, furnished the motive power for the descent of the ice mass.

Rendu, however, the late Bishop of Annecy, a man of extraordinary power of observation, had long made the glacier formation an object of study; and, dissatisfied with the existing theories as to the rigidity of the glacier and its movement *en masse*, advanced the opinion that the motion resembled that of a river with its quicker central and more sluggish lateral currents. He considered, moreover, that the ice, by virtue of its plasticity and ductility, adapted itself to the changeful flexures of the mountain valley—now contracting at some narrow gorge, and now expanding unconfining beyond. Its general physical consistency he also likened to the lava—semi-fluid, pasty mass. This view was in vogue some time prior to that of Professor Forbes. Though, according to this gentleman, it was not received with any great amount of favour by the contemporaries of Rendu. Professor Tyndall in the work alluded to, considering that insufficient justice had been done to the claims of Rendu, gave them the prominence they deserved. And it is by the way in which these claims have been stated that Professor Forbes believes himself compromised. We cannot help thinking that he must labour under some misconception in this particular.

Professor Tyndall is himself a tried and daring Alpine traveller, quite at home amidst all "the variety of tremendous nature;" and certainly carries into his writings the same spirit of manliness. We do not, therefore, think it likely that he would, in any case, either transcend the limits of fair historical criticism, or assume a position that might "wear the appearance of detraction or hostility to another." The tribute he has paid to the memory of Rendu, we take to be as graceful as well-timed. It must not, nevertheless, as we have hinted, be forgotten that Professor Forbes was among the earliest philosophers

who determined, by accurate and oft repeated experiments, the phenomena connected with glacier formation. How valuable those experiments are, is sufficiently proved by the estimation in which his writings are held.

The study of the history of discovery abounds in evidence to show that most of our great and accepted truths have passed through a like preliminary stage before they received positive experimental verification. This almost natural course of things holds with regard to the present case, so that the hypothesis of Rendu in no wise lessens the value of the subsequent labours of Professor Forbes.

LESSING'S NATHAN THE WISE.*

LESSING is but little known in England in proportion to his fame in his own country. To the majority of us Goethe and Schiller, and perhaps Jean Paul, are the representatives of a literature which most educated men will acknowledge to be inferior to that of no other country. They have absorbed all attention: men have been so fascinated with them, that they have forgotten the fact that their German literature, which they have created, cannot lay claim to an existence of more than a hundred years, and that before that time the German mind recognised no principles of taste but those of a mixed French and Greek origin. The unnatural and the affected reigned supreme. Nature was ignored, and pronounced vulgar. The only object of art was ostentation. This was the state of things some five and twenty years before Goethe wrote; it was to combat these errors that Lessing devoted a short but very active life.

And it was in this capacity that we think his true claim to greatness lies. Himself no genius, he prepared the way for those who were. What wonderful advantages were provided for Goethe and Schiller during those five and twenty years by which Lessing preceded them! Old prejudices had been overthrown. Men's eyes began to appreciate the beauty of what was natural; their minds to realise the fact that art, to be worth anything, must have some influence on life. Poets no longer deemed an intimate acquaintance with Parnassus and Olympus a more valuable acquirement than some slight knowledge of their own countrymen and their own country. In a word, stilts were thrown aside, and a less elevated but more convenient method of locomotion adopted. To this result no one had contributed as much as Lessing. Versatile, energetic, acute, gifted with no common amount of common sense, he was the very man to wage internecine war with the shams of the time. In poetry, in art in general, in theology, it was enough for him to scent a humbug, and he at once made his onslaught upon it, and for the most part with success. He was a dangerous assailant. He never attacked at a disadvantage. In his double character of man of the world and book-worm, he was always well prepared with his own arms, always well able to use them, often to turn those of his antagonists against themselves.

It is, then, especially upon his great achievements as a reformer that we would found Lessing's claims to the high place among German notabilities which the unanimous verdict of his countrymen has awarded him. Not that we would deny him our admiration as a critic. In his "Laoköon," or "Upon the distinction to be drawn between Poetry on the one hand, and Painting and Sculpture on the other," he has produced one of the most suggestive

* Reply to Professor Tyndall's Remarks in his work "On the Glaciers of the Alps," relating to Rendu's "Théories des Glaciers." By Professor David Forbes, D.C.L. (Edinburgh: Black.)

* Lessing's Nathan the Wise. Translated into English (London: Bennett. 1860.)

disquisitions upon art extant. We say suggestive; because the work consists rather of a collection of very acute reflections than a systematic treatise. His object is to controvert the dictum of Simonides, that "sculpture and painting are a dumb poetry; poetry the expression in words of sculpture and painting;" and, with a view to this, he lays down the axiom that "bodies are the province of sculpture and painting; actions that of poetry." We can here only allude to this; the arguments which he brings to bear upon the subject we must leave to the readers of the essay itself, assuring them that it will well repay perusal. Of his dramatic criticisms we cannot speak so highly. Independent as he was, he could not entirely divest himself of all regard for authority. He dared not prosecute his admiration of the natural to its logical conclusion. He must still bow to Aristotle. Hence his theory of dramatic art became a strange compound of opposing doctrines, which he endeavoured to reconcile by the application of metaphysical subtleties.

He cannot bring himself to allow to tragedy any other aim than the excitement of pity, or to comedy than the excitement of laughter. To explain away any apparent discrepancy between the definition and what actually occurs, he has recourse to the assertion that fear, wonder, &c., are merely a transformed pity. It seems to us that by this means we might perfectly well make any one given thing identical with any other.

As a poet we cannot award him so much praise. He himself disclaims all wish to be considered a genius. His principal dramatic efforts are the products of great and continued labour. We recognise in them the love of the natural, the acuteness, the common sense which so much distinguished him in the other capacities of which we have spoken. Yet he is always the artist. There are no bursts of enthusiasm, nothing of the higher flight of imagination, which characterises the true poet. About his elevation there is almost always—as in the comedy of "Minna Von Barnholm"—a savour of affectation. He does not seem to identify, to throw himself into, his characters. The judgment of the reader is often forced to approve; the feelings are but seldom touched.

The more immediate subject of the present notice is not easy to criticise. We have three principal personages—Saladin (Richard I.'s Saladin), a Jew capitalist, and a young and rather boorish Knight Templar. These three are supposed to be types of the three dominant religions. At first—as is natural—anything but well disposed to each other, they are, by the events narrated, forced to a natural admiration and affection, and they live happily ever afterwards. "Nathan the Wise" is altogether an exceptional work. It is called a dramatic poem. In reality it is a very clever tract, directed against the spirit of intolerance, and put into a dramatic form. People in general would look at it from the same point of view as they would at Schiller's "Maria Stuart," or Goethe's "Don Carlos," or the "Emilia Galotti" of our own author. If they praised it from that point of view, they would be wrong. It has merits, and considerable merits; but they are not as a drama. As a piece of polemical writing, it is a very clever allegorical answer to, and refutation of, the bigotry of the priesthood. From that point of view, it is even poetical. It dresses up an argument which is usually a compound of bad logic and bad temper in picturesque attire, places it on a foreign soil, and sprinkles over it a spice of the romantic and heroic. So far it is a success—a

success achieved by a spirited and original mode of treating an uninviting subject.

But as a drama? What are the requirements of a drama? We will not enter into technicalities, but simply ask what are the qualities of a play—to use everyday language—which attract and absorb our interest? We want, first and principally, interest in the plot; secondly, local colouring—that is, that the personages and the actions should to a certain extent be such as might have existed and gone on their own ways at that time; thirdly, a little probability, or at all events possibility, in the whole plot. Now which of these do we find in the "dramatic poem" before us? To begin with, as to interest. From the first, we know that Recha will and ought and must fall in love with the Templar. It is true that it turns out to be only with a sister's love. But it seems to us that this, instead of a surprise, is simply revolting. It is the erasure of a platitude and the insertion of the climax of a French novel. As to local colouring, we can detect nothing that everybody would not have said under the same circumstances, in any country, in any age—that is, if they had been good enough; for, as we have hinted above, every one in this drama is so excessively good, excepting the Patriarch, and he has only a few professional weaknesses. The Friar, too, whose sole mission is to tempt the representative of Christianity at suitable times, always apologises when he really does anything wrong, and is apparently so touched eventually with remorse for his peccadillos, that he produces the letter which is the means of making everybody related to everybody, and thereby—in Lessing's eyes—proving the truth of a one universal faith! When we demurred to the possibility of the plot, we were wrong. Anything is possible. A prince of the blood-royal of Asia Minor may, in the times of Richard the Crusader, have made the grand tour in Germany, and have taken such a fancy to the country as to reside there permanently as an Edelman. Cheap return-tickets may have afforded him great facilities for travelling backwards and forwards between the land of his birth and the land of his choice; he may, in consequence of his great power of acquiring the languages, be mistaken for a Freiherr of Suabia instead of a—what shall we say?—an Aga of Palestine. All this is possible; but is it probable?

We have said our say about the author, and about the play; but what of the translator? A translator's office is generally thankless. But few are gifted with the power, we might say genius, to represent to us the great effort of a great foreign author. There are two kinds of translators (we pass over those who, like S. T. Coleridge and the translators of Goethe's ballads, can offer us the original undiluted, unadulterated,) those who render the text of their author nearly word for word, and those who, by allowing themselves greater liberty, pretend, at all events, to breathe his spirit.

The present translator belongs to the former class. And he has, as far as we can understand him, the merits of that class. He is usually accurate, and that is a great consideration. But we wish we could more often understand him, and that he would write throughout a language which we could dare to call English.

ODD JOURNEYS IN AND OUT OF LONDON.*

We think Mr. Hollingshead has done well in collecting into this handsome volume so many of his scattered sketches. Many excellent

* *Odd Journeys In and Out of London.* By John Hollingshead. (London: Groombridge and Sons.)

papers are constantly appearing in periodical literature, which should very unwillingly be allowed to pass into oblivion. Yet the public seldom penetrate through the anonymous disguise, and a nine days' talk is quite a longevity. Although Mr. Hollingshead does not possess a very high order of ability, and his writings do not appeal to the higher faculties of higher minds, yet they possess a peculiarly rich flavour of their own. The incidents on which he founds his articles are frequently slight enough, yet they suffice for the elaboration of simple pictures that are truly Teniers-like in their picturesqueness and accuracy of detail. Mr. Hollingshead's province is neither the sublime nor the beautiful; but he certainly excels both in the odd and the homely. His art consists in describing matters which come under everybody's eye, and which everybody agrees in almost ignoring. Even in these days of extensive travelling, he has succeeded in achieving some remarkable "journeys." We should not care to listen to him if he had only to tell us about Alpine explorations, or adventures at the Third Cataract; but it is quite a new idea to travel down to Brighton on the engine, and to journey to Birmingham by canal at the rate of two and a half miles an hour. Nearly the whole of the subjects in these volumes are very simple and obvious, and sometimes rest on a somewhat unsubstantial basis. For instance, Mr. Hollingshead goes to the opera during the performance, and he also goes to the opera in the morning while the repairs are going on; some very obvious contrasts are presented, which the author works up very prettily. He gives us to understand that on this first occasion of visiting the opera he spent some forty pounds in beer among the workmen, which reminds us of an ill-natured proverb about the speedy separation that arises between certain classes of men and their available resources. Mr. Hollingshead also goes to Aldershot; and he, moreover, goes to the bottom of the sea in a diving bell; and he, furthermore, travels by the mail train inside the postal carriage; like thousands of people, he makes a journey by an excursion train; like thousands more, he paid a visit to the Great Eastern; like hundreds of thousands more, he has walked over London Bridge, and, unlike them, has moralised thereupon; and Mr. Hollingshead has something to say upon all these subjects, and though this something is not in reality very much, yet it is told with so much grace and cleverness that the reader cannot fail to be interested in a very high degree. In some respects he has had an unusual experience; for instance, he was on board the Great Eastern at the time of the explosion in the Channel. Unusual facilities have also been thrown in his way by friends and others, among whom he mentions Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, Mr. Gye, Mr. Samuel Smiles, and others. On a number of social points of minor interest, we have in this book some interesting information and some valuable hints. For instance, there are not many persons who might not learn something from the paper on cabs. It is very incorrect to class cabmen generally as drunken extortioners. We believe there is no doubt, among persons competent to judge, that the legal remuneration fixed by the Act is in reality a far from remunerative scale of prices. The cabman is obliged to depend upon chance generosity or occasional impositions. Cabmen are no worse than any other considerable body of men exposed to great hardships and great temptations. The cabman complains, with some show of reason, that everybody is wanting to "regulate" him, "There are the street police regulating him; the

police watermen regulating him; and the Government regulating him, by saying what price he's to charge for his work. This sets everybody a-thinking he must be awful bad." Another interesting paper is entitled "The Happy Fishing Grounds." This is an account of the very primitive fishermen of Whitstable, who have formed a joint-stock company, or, to speak more properly, a family compact, extending from a somewhat remote date. These free dredgers are a happy, honest, prosperous set of men, and we hope it will be long before our boasted civilisation extends to them its questionable improvement. We have much pleasure in giving a hearty commendation to this book, and we shall always be very glad to meet our author again. The work will be useful in inculcating some excellent lessons, in helping us to understand the humble aims of humble people, and in promoting the knowledge of common things in which many of us are so deplorably deficient.

THE INGOLDSBY LETTERS.*

It is rather a curious fact that gentlemen who wish to revise the Prayer-Book, generally set about revising everything else they can lay their hands on. Thus, Lord Ebury on the hustings of Brentford, in April, 1857, contrived to adapt the Psalms of David to the circumstances of the Middlesex election in a manner which people who were not great lords with evangelical reputations, thought as profane as it certainly was absurd. So also in his last speech on the subject, in the House of Lords, the same noble peer corrected all our notions about the date of the Toleration Act. Even his enthusiastic supporter, Mr. Hildyard—for the "Letters" avow their author to be that gentleman, and to take their name from his rectory of Ingoldsby—prefixed to his work the following couplet:—

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
And skilled to teach by ridicule alone."—*FORB.*

Now, Mr. Hildyard had no more right to assign the second of these lines to Pope than had our friend Captain Cuttle to refer the sentiment, "May we never want a friend, or a bottle to give him," to the Proverbs of Solomon. The first line is Pope's, sure enough; but the persons whom, in the Epilogue to the "Satires," he describes as "safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne," are of such a description that we are sorry to see a respectable Lincolnshire divine reckoning himself among them.

For quotations, in some form or other, Mr. Hildyard has a perfect mania. He commences by two or three extracts, such as our old friend—which from the days of Milton has done useful service—"Ridiculum acri," &c., all to the purport that he means to be very funny indeed. His greatest efforts in the way of jocularity consist in bringing in some stock English passage, with a change in the proper names; classical fragments are scattered over his pages in pedantic profusion; and twice in the course of his volume Mr. Hildyard is unable to get by an allusion to Lord Ebury without giving us the very estimable quotation, "Justum ac tenacem propositi virum," through two whole stanzas.

Our readers will learn without surprise that Mr. Hildyard is one of those religionists in whose eyes the most important of all duties is to abuse the Bishop of Oxford. That he can see no attraction in that marvellous eloquence which crowds the very staircases of St. Mary's, and calls up Cabinet Ministers in reply in the House of Lords, is nothing wonderful. But we

own it is with astonishment that we meet with an attack on the Bishop's academic reputation. In one place he sneers at him as "an Oxford second classman," in another he compares his Oxford career with that of Mr. Girdlestone, and pronounces the latter "a Hercules, compared to the Bishop, when tested by this standard." Now, Mr. Girdlestone obtained a first-class in classics, a second in mathematics, and a Balliol Fellowship; he has, besides, been Public Examiner and Select Preacher. The Bishop—we quote from no authority more recondite or inaccessible than the "Oxford Calendar"—obtained a second-class in classics, a first in mathematics; he has since been Bampton Lecturer and Select Preacher. The difference between these two sets of distinctions does not seem to us so very vast, while the *suppressio veri* as to the Bishop's degree does not appear to us over-credible. Let us illustrate it by the first example that occurs to us. There was once a Mr. Hildyard of Christ's College, Cambridge, who graduated as 30th Senior Optime, and as second in the First Class of the Classical Tripos, carrying off, at the same time, one of the Chancellor's medals. Now, supposing this Mr. Hildyard were alluded to by some Oxford pamphleteer—writing, let us imagine, on the subject of Liturgical Revision—as "a Cambridge Senior Optime," at what a great advantage would Mr. Hildyard be placed in arguing with so ungenerous and ungentelemanly an assailant!

Some of our readers may recollect the attempt which was made several years since at Bradford to hiss the Bishop of Oxford at a missionary meeting. "Let us trust," is Mr. Hildyard's comment on this incident, "that the example set by the hard-headed citizens of Bradford may act as an encouragement to others, especially to the more easily-led sons of the South of England." To this pretty little clerical aspiration we need add nothing further to illustrate the kindly spirit of the volume before us.

We are sorry to add that Mr. Hildyard's tone towards all who differ from him is of a piece with the above specimens. He is very prone to indulge in that reckless imputation of motives which is the last resource of the least respectable class of controversialists. Thus, when he dilates on the conduct of some 215 Lincolnshire clergymen who presented to Convocation a petition against any alteration of the Prayer-Book, he is careful to insinuate that the Bishop of Lincoln's ante-revision sentiments, and his patronage of seventy livings, were the chief reasons for its signature and presentation. Does he hope to provoke some opponent to the baseness of suggesting that his fulsome eulogies on Lord Ebury may be only so many bids for some living in the gift of the Grosvenor family? Let it be remembered that Mr. Hildyard's numerous offences against good taste are peculiarly wilful and deliberate. His letters were originally published during the year 1858, and he now brings them out "with additions and corrections"—we wish, for his sake, we could add, with omissions.

Space would fail us were we to attempt to describe the meandering course of Mr. Hildyard's arguments. Let us cite one instance of his style of writing. He begins a letter, on the subject of the Bishop of London's speech on Liturgical Revision, by telling us all we knew before about his having been Master of Rugby and Dean of Carlisle. For this information, he tells us, he is indebted to "The Illustrated News of the World," which has published "a very truthful and impressive engraving of his Lordship from a photograph by Mayall." Furthermore, from the fact that he was elected

to the head-mastership of Rugby, Mr. Hildyard flies off to the discovery that the competition for that post is usually severe; he adds that it was severe when Dr. Arnold obtained it, and finally gives us part of a squib written on Dr. Kennedy's candidature on that occasion. This loose, inconsequential style pervades his work. He tells us very often that Cambridge teaches mathematics; he reminds us still more frequently that she does not teach logic.

The great point on which he insists is the length of the service. To a great extent we agree with him, but we cannot think his proposed remedy would mend matters. The early administration of the Holy Communion, and the employment of the Liturgy as a separate service, are courses open to every clergyman. But such abridgments are not generally popular, and the laity, as the Bishop of London truly observed, have only themselves to thank for the length of the service.

Such publications as the present, supply some of the strongest reasons against the cause they advocate. The discussion of a revised Prayer-Book would call up a host of similar works. Better, surely, to abide in the old paths, and rest content with the formularies which have nurtured many generations of very tolerable Christians, than to fly to angry discussions, to shallow charlatanisms, to petulant personalities, to the statesmanship of an Ebury, to the theology of a Hildyard. So, at least, think we, in common with the ten thousand clergymen who have declared against any present alteration; and as we close the book, with a recollection of certain speeches on the same subject, we exclaim—for quotation is infectious—

"And for our foes may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg and to write like —."—

OVER THE CLIFFS.*

If a novel means a novel view of life, "Over the Cliffs" can scarcely come within the category; but if we may extend the name to such works as present us with new and extraordinary ways of putting old views, it has decidedly a right to be called a novel of no common order. Many writers, possibly we might be right in saying most writers, have depicted in sombre colours the gloominess and uncertainty of mundane things. The inspired preacher declared emphatically that all things are vanity. Heraclitus passed his weary life in weeping over the fleeting nature of human fortunes, in which only one thing is permanent, and that is sorrow. Juvenal has moralised over the spectacle of Sejanus dragged along the streets of Rome, and of the one-eyed Hannibal living in precarious exile in Phrygia. Gray, in his "Elegy" and the "Ode to Eton," has told in pensive strains how life is man's fatal doom. The list is too long for enumeration, but we may notice that the book most read and most eulogised of contemporary works, "The Mill on the Floss," is, in the terms of one of its reviewers, "a glorification of sorrow."

There is nothing new or startling, therefore, in the fact of showing how melancholy a business is human life. How true it is, constitutes a question which we need not now attempt to solve. There will always be laughers and criers, sanguine and despondent, and of every two men we meet, one will be Democritus, the other Heraclitus. But Mrs. Chatter, though her general doctrine is antiquated enough, excels in the unmitigated force with which she presents it, and we confess that "Over the Cliffs" is one of the most melancholy works which has fallen into our hands for some time.

* *Over the Cliffs.* By Charlotte Chatter. In Two Volumes. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.)

* *The Ingoldsby Letters.* First Series. Second Edition. (London: Partridge, 1860.)

We had always thought hitherto that Marryatt's story of "The King's Own" was the most lugubrious of fictions. The unmerciful way in which malevolence and folly are represented as the main constituents of human character, and the ruthlessness with which everybody is killed, when, after a life of misery, he or she seems on the point of having a few years' happiness, have appeared to us unrivalled until the advent of "Over the Cliffs." The mortality in the last-named work is so frightful and oppressive, that it will be some time, after its perusal, before the most sanguine spirit recovers its wonted cheerfulness, and awakens to the fact that after all it is not every day we meet such terrific characters as Mrs. Chanter introduces to us.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, in the preface to his last work, has deprecated the practice of critics giving an epitome of the plot of any novel under review. We believe this rule to be tolerably reasonable in most cases, and therefore will spare the authoress and our readers the pain of an analysis of the events of which the story is made up. They will form a very fair idea of the murderous nature of this strange, eventful history, by an abbreviated list of the *dramatis personæ* and their respective fates. 1. The heroine, Gratiana Dawson, is nearly drowned in the second chapter; runs a great many risks of being dashed to pieces by constantly wandering by night at the edges of cliffs hanging over the sea; is hurled over the said cliffs (whence the story takes its name) by her maleparent, but is rescued by her lover, Edward Mountjoy, whom she eventually marries. 2. The hero, Edward Mountjoy, is the son of a smuggler who had been drowned off the shores of his native spot. He is himself a smuggler, but eventually takes to better ways, becomes a post-captain in his Majesty's navy, and lives happily with his wife and children, quite in the conventional style. He, by the way, is the luckiest of all, and only loses his arm, not his life. 3. Mr. Dawson, father of Grace, is about as brutal and degraded a ruffian as we ever remember to have met with, either in real life or fiction, or even in those monstrous dramas which electrify transpontine audiences: he kills his wife by a blow inflicted in passion; he is constantly furiously drunk, and drunkenly furious; he throws his daughter over a cliff, as we have seen; eventually turns idiot, and dies. 4. Reginald Dawson, son of No. 3, and brother of No. 1, breaks a horse's knees, and runs away from home, becomes a sailor, gets a vessel of his own, is taken prisoner by the French, finds that the governor of the prison is his uncle, escapes through the connivance of his avuncular guardian and his daughter, to whom he has betrothed himself, in spite of a virtual betrothal already existent with one Lily Fowler; returns to England, forgets Hortense, his French fiancée, wishes Lily to marry him, but she with a due sense of propriety refuses; in consequence of chagrin at this, Reginald becomes rapidly degraded, and is hurried on his course by the influence of Lily's brother, a good-for-nothing of the first water. He takes to smuggling and is outlawed; he returns years after, lives for a short period in the depth of despondency and remorse, and dies. 5. Lily Fowler, broken-hearted at the conduct of her lover, falls into a decline, and dies. 6 and 7. Her father and mother, disconsolate at the death of their daughter, die. 8. Her brother, who has been the ruin of Reginald, becomes very prosperous, and makes Hortense marry him; discovered in a gigantic fraud, he escapes the officers; returns secretly; remains two years hidden in his own house, from which all inmates but his wife are debarred, and at the end of that time

blows his brains out. 9. De Rohan, the governor of the French prison and father of Hortense, comes over to England, lives miserably, and dies, having previously discovered his aged father, who shares the fate of everybody in this unhappy book, and on discovering his son, is found to be stark dead. 10. The villain of the book, pure and simple—who poisons his uncle, and after a long course of tolerably successful villainy, when he is on the point of being apprehended is discovered to be dead in his chair. 11. The uncle aforesaid, who is poisoned. We are exhausted by this long list. There are three or four characters remaining, but as they are left alive at the end of the story, it is evident that the authoress does not consider them essential to the tale, or at all important in any way.

Upon closing these volumes, we feel that, as a work of fiction, they cannot by any means be considered a success. They are entirely wanting in vividness of representation, and this probably is the secret of the small interest they arouse in the mind of the reader. There is no deficiency of incident; in fact, the stage is too crowded. The language is not very feeble, and the dialogue is fairly spirited. But it is impossible to suppose for a moment that the men and women about whom we are reading can be real men and women. They are shadows, and inhabitants of some strange and wretched world, more strange and more wretched than the spot of earth that we call world. That power which we find so splendid and unfailing in authors like Scott or George Eliot—the power of doing in words what Titian did on canvas, paint the true colour of human flesh—seems utterly wanting to the authoress of "Over the Cliffs." The work reminds us of those earliest specimens of the limner's art, where all the figures stand in unmeaning stiffness; bare outlines without life, where there is no background, nothing to give any relief to the baldness of the general design, but the whole presenting unmitigated ugliness and untruthness. How much worse is it when the figures are all dead or moribund.

The most curious part of the matter is, that whilst we do not expect to find the meagreness of the Byzantine school contemporary with the gorgeous splendour of Paul Veronese, or the mellow beauty of Cuyp, somehow or other people are not disgusted at meeting with a finished work of art such as "The Mill on the Floss" one day, and a bald conception like "Over the Cliffs" the next. The vast shoal of fictions which issue every year from the press is a most significant sign of the times—significant of much that we would fain should never come to pass: of hasty writing, and hastier reading; of shallow conception, and shallower apprehension, of a preference, in fine, of rapid and easily-forgotten dabs to the more artistic and permanent works of a bygone age. Whilst science is advancing, and general cultivation is rapidly extending, fiction seems the only branch of literature and of human intellectual workmanship which remains in a worse than primitive condition. Three-volume novels, stories in magazines and periodicals, constitute the actual mental food of hundreds of *soi-disant* intelligent women and men. Can we doubt, therefore, that it is incumbent upon the writers of these novels and tales to apply themselves diligently to their art, to study its best masters, to investigate its fundamental principles, to be careful in selecting the finest subjects and the most striking models? It is true that mere diligence or observation will never make a good novelist; but no less true is it that no good novelist is without both diligence and observation. Somebody has said that genius is in

the first instance the transcendent faculty of taking pains, and nowhere is this more true than in the department of fiction. Nowhere are accuracy and industry more essential. In a play or a poem there is scope for untutored fire, but a novel is on a stage lower than either, where excellence is only compatible with cultivation and high finish. But we entertain a strong suspicion, all but amounting to a conviction, that the herd of modern novelists think two or three months an amply sufficient time to conceive, compose, and publish one of their works. So it is for one of *their* works, but not for a work of art: one which it will benefit themselves to write, and others to read. Hasty, thoughtless, and crude writing is the order of the day in all branches of literature, but more especially is it so in the composition of novels; and a leading article, of a daily paper written after the close of a parliamentary debate at two a.m., is a riper production than half the fictions which come from the modern press.

When, therefore, we condemn Mrs. Chanter's work, we do not mean to say that it is very decidedly worse than its fellows. It is no better, and that is the severest condemnation we can pass on it. But we see no reason why Mrs. Chanter should not take advantage of what we have said. Her fault is want of elaboration; that is to say, elaboration of detail. Her plot is elaborate enough in all conscience, but we desiderate a foreground and a background; we want the figures deepening, and draping; we want more variety and more distinctness; and finally, we should like a truer view of life, and a higher estimate of human character.

It is not a little wonderful that in the present day, when parental objections to works of fiction have departed, or at all events only remain in minds which nothing will ever enlighten, fiction seems to make itself more than ever open to objection. We do not mean on the ground of morality, but as furnishing no intellectual nutrition whatever to the adolescent mind. We do not know for what class, or for which of the seven ages of man, Mrs. Chanter composed the story before us; but we also do not know any class or any age which would not be somewhat enfeebled by its perusal. So far as it has any influence at all on the reader's mind, that influence is enfeebling.

It would scarcely be just to the authoress not to furnish one or two extracts illustrative of the character of the book, though we are fully aware how inadequate all extracts must be.

Grace goes out to a tea-party, is ushered alone into a drawing-room, where she is much annoyed at the giggling of her companions, who are not of very good *ton*, we presume, if we may judge from their conduct:—

"Hours were early in those days: by five o'clock the dinner was despatched, and the ladies once more in the drawing-room. Tye's miseries now recommenced:—

"Where did you get that gown?" inquired one of the young ladies. "It is so old-fashioned."

"As old as the hills, I should say," laughed another.

"It was my mother's," said Tye, getting very red and looking down.

"I wouldn't wear out my mother's old gowns!" put in a third; "I'd let her wear them out herself. Why don't you?"

"Hush!" said another, "hush! her mother is dead."

"Tye did not raise her eyes, for there were heavy drops on the lashes which she did not care to have seen."

"But you could work yourself a dress," said another, by way of mending matters. "See! I worked this I have on, and it is considered very

handsome," and Miss Roe turned herself round to display her handiwork.

"I don't think it is very pretty," said Tye.

"Well, but it is very fashionable, I can tell you," was the reply. "In London, all the ladies wear just such."

"Have you ever been to London," inquired Tye, rather maliciously.

"No, I have not; but the Misses Hamlyn have; and they say since Madame de, de, de—oh, dear, how stupid I am—you know, the maid of honour to Marie Thérèse—don't you remember her name?"

"I suppose you mean Marie Antoinette," said Gratiana, with a sneer on her lip.

"Oh, yes! that is it: well, you know this lady works so wonderfully well, and she works dresses for all the great ladies, and they pay her for them, poor thing: she is a real lady, but very poor; and so, since she has done that, all the ladies have taken to work dresses."

"And get paid for them?" inquired Tye, innocently.

"Paid! oh, dear, no! they only make them for themselves. Now, do try and work one, Miss Dawson. I will lend you my pattern."

"Thank you, I can't work."

"Not work? Then I suppose you can draw; and that cabinet and table work in black and white is very pretty."

"I can't draw, thank you."

"But you play on some instrument, or sing?"

"Neither."

"Dear me! why, you can do nothing. What a stupid girl you must be!" cried a vivacious damsel.

A laugh followed, at Tye's expense, and she, colouring and drooping her head, slunk into a corner.

Presently she arose and gently left the room. This time she paused neither at the dining-room door, whence proceeded sounds by no means gentle, nor at the housekeeper's room; but passing through a door she observed at the end of the passage, she made her way to the stable-yard.

"I'll show these young ladies I can do something," she muttered to herself, as she opened the stable-door.

"Now, Miss Tye, what are you going to do next? Why, the fact is, the young lady is bent on a ride, and intends saddling her steed herself; which she accordingly does, selecting from the saddle-room the saddle she deems most fit. It is astonishing how quickly and well she throws the saddle on the horse's back: he is fourteen hands high, but Tye is grown a tall girl of her age. How knowingly she cries, 'Quiet there! quiet, I say,' as the brown turns his little head, and makes believe he intends to bite her for girthing him up so tight. Then she chooses a bridle, a pretty sharp one, and loosening the halter, calls on the horse to turn round; which he does in a moment.

"Now comes the mounting; she leads him to the block outside the door, and in a minute she is in the saddle, with no habit but the despised white gown, and no covering on her head but her rich brown hair.

"Now, be a good horse, and do what I tell you: let us show the young ladies we can do something."

Tye guided her steed into a field at the back of the house, where she had noticed a leaping-bar; but the moment the horse felt turf beneath his feet he became restive. Tye kept a firm hand, and prevented his breaking into a canter. In a few moments he seemed to become more accustomed to his rider, and comparatively quiet. The girl now put him into a canter and took him twice round the field, then put him at the leaping-bar. The horse went over it in first-rate style.

"You'll do," said Tye; "but my petticoats won't: I must go and find a train."

She returned into the stable-yard, where she found their own servant lounging on the horse-block.

"Good gracious, Miss Tye, is that you? what in the name of all that is wonderful are you about?"

"Never mind, Will: quick, give me a horsecloth, or cloak, or something."

The man obeyed, and she was decked in a horse-cloth train.

"Now, Will, open the gate into that park paddock—quick!"

The man did her bidding. "Bless the girl, if she aren't mad sometimes: what on earth is she going to do now?"

The horse was fresh, and galloped pretty briskly along the bottom of the meadow; which, as the ground sloped, could not be seen from the lower windows. Tye kept him in hand well, knowing that if she once allowed him to go his full pace, she would not be able to rein him in again. Now she turns up the slope to the house, between her and which is a fence. She gallops, keeping her horse well in, and nears the fence. The ladies in the drawing-room catch sight of her and scream. The fence is higher than the leaping-bar, but she clears it splendidly; on she comes, close past the window, startling the gentlemen at their wine and frightening the ladies into fits. Now she makes a sweep, she is over the fence again, and making the circuit of the field. Once more she nears the fence, and once more she is over; but her horse's hoofs just touching the upper bar, warn her to desist, and she draws rein at the hall-door. Men and women are there to meet her.

"Bravo, Miss Tye!" cry the men with one voice, and many a hand, old and young, is stretched out to help her from her seat.

"You said I could do nothing," said Tye, turning to the women. "Can you ride like that?"

Here is a somewhat unnatural betrothal scene:—

"But there was another provision for her future, of which Hortense was as ignorant as a child, though she was not destined to remain very long in ignorance on the matter. Carefully as she avoided Fowler, she was not always successful; and one day, to her great annoyance, she found herself *tête-à-tête* with him. She made, as usual, an attempt at escape, but he insisted on her remaining, as he had something to say to her, to which she must listen. 'Must' from him, in that stern, cold voice, she no more dared to disobey than a well-trained dog; and she nerved herself to hear something disagreeable, little dreaming what was coming.

She seated herself as he desired, but kept her face averted, while he, kneeling with one knee on a chair, and his arms crossed leaning on the back, confronted her.

"I want to marry you," he said, after a moment's pause.

"O ciel!" exclaimed Hortense, clasping her hands, and springing from her seat.

"Sit down, if you please, and be quiet; I want you to listen, not to talk."

She obeyed mechanically.

"I don't understand what people mean by being in love; but I know I would rather, for many reasons, marry you than any woman I ever saw. You are quiet and self-possessed, not given to gadding about or gossiping, cheerful and active. I have watched you this long while; I like you, and I mean to marry you."

Hortense listened to this address in mute amazement. She had imagined that she must be as disagreeable to him as he was to her; and as to marrying him, she had no more thought of doing so than she had of marrying Napoleon Bonaparte.

"You understand me, I suppose?" he added, after a brief pause.

"I believe I do; but I do not wish to marry."

"We shall see! Perhaps I have been too abrupt; but you must not mind me; you know I am rough, and don't stand on ceremony; but I wish to make you my wife; and what is more, you must consent."

This was said in that commanding tone he so often used towards her, and Hortense felt, as usual, compelled to do his bidding; but she determined to resist his influence, and turned towards him to renew her refusal, and to plead her engagement to Reginald; but when she raised her eyes to his, her courage died within her, those piercing eyes fascinated and conquered her, and she felt that he had her in some inconceivable manner under his control.

"I cannot leave your mother," she murmured.

"Fowler saw he had conquered."

"Do not distress yourself; I can wait, or some arrangement can be made for her; besides, I don't

wish to marry till Knoll is finished and habitable. Give me your hand, Hortense, and say it is a bargain."

He took her hand as it lay listlessly on her knee, and holding it a moment in both his, he turned and left her to herself.

In conclusion, we quote a passage which shows conclusively that what Mrs. Chanter wants is not power, but painstaking. We do not yet despair of seeing her write something worth reading, if she will recognise the truth that a novel is a work of art, not a three-months' hasty scribble.

He followed her down the steep gully side as she wound her way to the beach where Mr. Dawson had been told she met her lover. He did not venture down the entire descent, as at one corner the moon shone full upon the path, and would in a moment have revealed him. So he concealed himself behind an angle of the rock and bided his time.

Just as he reached this spot, a small boat glided over the glassy sea, across the glittering moonlight, and the smuggler captain leapt on shore. So Mr. Dawson waited.

"Hush! hear how the stones rattle! and now, that heavy breathing! the hill is steep, and Tye, breathless and trembling in every limb, pauses at the fatal angle."

She is face to face with her father.

Neither speaks, but Mr. Dawson seizes his daughter's arm as in a vice, and demands where she has been.

"On the shore," she replies faintly.

"Whom did you meet there?"

"Grace makes no answer: what good will it do? she cares little what becomes of her."

"Do you answer me?" asked the enraged man, grinding his teeth, and hissing out his words.

"Tye trembles. Oh! that she had gone with Mountjoy, or that he were here."

Still she gives no answer.

"I told you long ago, that I would be the death of you if you went with that fellow Mountjoy. In spite of my warning you have continued to encourage him. Now I will be as good as my word."

As he spoke, he raised a stout thorn stick, and aimed a murderous blow at his daughter.

Grace bent to avoid the blow, forgetting on what dangerous ground she stood. The turf gave way beneath her feet; she uttered a wild scream, and grasped the turf and plants, but they too gave way, and down she went—slipping, sliding, slipping; the loose stones and broken slate rustling and rattling round her. In vain she tried to stop her course, clutching the soil, and trying to call on Mountjoy. In vain she now repented having withstood his entreaties. Her eyes grew dim, darkness closed over her. On she went her headlong course, and Tye was gone!

KING JAMES'S ARMY OF 1689.*

ONE of the few historical statements advanced by the late Lord Macaulay, which would seem open to critical animadversion, is his somewhat slighting reference to the brave and disinterested men who led the army of James the Second. This splendid force, according to the great historian, was commanded by "cobblers, tailors, butchers, and footmen." But the most sensitive Jacobite will hardly regret that such a stinging allegation should have been made, when he finds, as mainly the result of it, these very valuable volumes of Mr. d'Alton.

In examining the muster-roll, we detect few traces of the cobbler's last, the tailor's thimble, the butcher's block, and the footman's stick. Six of the colonels and five of the captains were peers, not by courtesy, but by right, and the greater number of the other officers were sons of peers and baronets, or the representatives and heirs of the untitled aristocracy of Ireland. But the army of 1689 was not exclusively composed of the Celtic race. Among the su-

* *King James's Irish Army List.* By John d'Alton, Esq., Barrister, Corresp. M.S.A.S. Two volumes. (Dublin, 1860).

perior and subordinate officers we find the representatives of numerous English families, who, emigrating to Ireland like the Geraldines, had become, like them also, *Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*. Foremost among them in power, prowess, and probity, was Patrick Sarsfield, the lineal descendant of Sir William Sarsfield, who had done, in 1566, good service against Shane O'Neill. Although for the greater portion of his life a quiet country gentleman, with no manner of military experience, Patrick Sarsfield, on joining James's army, was speedily recognised as a consummate general, and an honest and disinterested man.

Hitherto no accessible historic record of the constitution of the army of '89 has existed. In these rich and erudite pages we find genealogical and historical illustrations of five hundred of the most ancient Irish and Anglo-Irish families, members of which held commissions under King James in the war of the Revolution. The work is highly interesting, and sets forth, with a perspicuity most attractive to historic students, the origins, achievements, forfeitures, and ultimate destinies of these ancient septs. The data have been compiled chiefly from Mr. d'Alton's own manuscript collections, which fill two hundred volumes: but the native annals, the rolls and records of public offices, accredited repositories, and public and private libraries, have been likewise laid under contribution. The author regrets, and the public will echo this sentiment, that the manuscript muniments of private families should have been, with one or two exceptions, closed to his inspection. He more than insinuates that some distinguished Irish houses, including that of Lord Clanricarde, would fain ignore the valiant deeds of their ancestors at the Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and even Fontenoy. "An unaccountable apathy 'tabooed' all family documents from his inspection, and ancient existing diaries, journals, and correspondence, were wilfully withheld from him in Ireland, while the chiefs of English and Scotch houses, of which respectively many of the officers on this army list were members, declined answering his genealogical inquiries, as if they were desirous to repudiate any connection of their ancestors with the crownless James."

To this unworthy churlishness the Marquis of Abercorn has proved a signal exception. His ancestors, the Hamiltons, had acted a prominent and efficient part on the military and political stages of the time; and the archives at Baron's Court would seem to possess some valuable records of their achievements. Amongst these muniments, is a volume of rare interest and utility to the historic student, embracing the negotiations and correspondence of the Count d'Avaux, ambassador extraordinary from Louis the Fourteenth to the court of James the Second while in Ireland. Lord Abercorn likewise placed at Mr. d'Alton's disposal a genealogical manuscript of high value, that had been preserved in his family for nearly two centuries; "while," he says, "it is painful to repeat that, towards the completeness of these illustrations, not any one such or other ancient document, or even a single trustworthy pedigree, has been contributed in the land whose families it was their object to record." The prudential reasons which, at a more remote period, might have dictated this course, have surely no manner of foundation now; and there is no friend to literature and historic truth who will not reprobate a line of conduct so miserable and narrow-minded.

Another important element of attraction which this book presents, is a verbatim transcript of a valuable "Record of King James's Army,"

drawn up for the Parliament which sat in Dublin, in May, 1690, and which, by the repeal of the Act of Settlement, has earned for itself a peculiar notoriety. And, though last not least, Mr. d'Alton derived friendly aid, as he twice assures us, from John C. O'Callaghan, a gentleman of immense historical information on the subject of James and the Revolution of 1689. Mr. d'Alton very justly advances it as his opinion that a narrative of the vicissitudes of the Royal Stuart ought to possess peculiar interest, even at the present day, and to the present Royal family; and he reminds us that our gracious Queen exulted not in the destiny that secured her succession, but sympathised with the fallen fortunes of the Prince who died a pensioner in Rome, and that she visited, as in pilgrimage, the halls where the last of the Stuart dynasty, nearly a century and a half before, endeavoured to uphold the shadow of a court. "Her illustrious sons," adds Mr. d'Alton, "evinced a kindred feeling when they visited Ireland. The Prince of Wales made himself acquainted with many of the scenes of the unhappy war whose defeated partisans are the subjects of these 'Illustrations'; while Prince Alfred, amidst the trying appeals of popular plaudits and youthful relaxation, was fain to turn aside to look upon the room where, he was led to believe, King James passed his last night in Ireland."

The author informs us that it was intended to have consummated the details of the discomfited host of James by a tabular digest of their respective confiscations, under the headings of "Forfeitures—acres confiscated—where situated—purchasers—price." But, for motives which are not explained, the design was relinquished. It is impossible not to regret the absence of a table so interesting and valuable as an historic document for future reference. It would form a very affecting completion of the history of that eventful era.

The work before us fills two volumes of very dissimilar bulk, but of equal interest. The first is devoted to a record of the cavalry, and the second passes the infantry in rapid but accurate review before us. The cavalry consisted of eight regiments of horse, sixty-two companies, and 4,200 men, and seven regiments of dragoons, of sixty-two companies, and 3,500 men, or a total of fifteen regiments and eight thousand men, exclusive of officers, commissioned and non-commissioned.

The details, though most voluminous, have not a particle of heaviness; they are well digested and agreeable. "Many facts of high genealogical importance," says the writer, "derived from the records of wardships—as the inquisitions *post-mortem*, the obits, and heirships there stated, the liveries of seisin to such heirs on attaining age, the crowded findings on outlawries for high treason—appeared strongly to invite publication." On mature consideration, however, a mass of such evidences has been put aside as affording only individual gratification, but being defective in general interest. The task was therefore, in their case, to prune, but not to eradicate.

Mr. d'Alton has written much and well. Ireland is especially his debtor. Bent, from the effects of age and life-long literary labour, he sadly says that this Army List will probably be his last work, "but he is reluctant utterly to cast off from his service those manuscripts which have mainly enabled him to effectuate his present publication. Rather would he covet they became the property of some public repository, or were distributed among persons whose taste and industry might deduce from their invaluable mass effective service towards

the general, local, and family history of Ireland."

We observe in an Irish journal, the following letter from Sir Bernard Burke, the accomplished author and Ulster-King-of-Arms. It is creditable to both parties, and we cannot sum up in more fitting words:—

"Record Tower, Dublin Castle, 14th Sept., 1860.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Your grand work reached me three hours ago, and I have been ever since deep in its learned and interesting pages. Allow me to congratulate you on your completion of this national undertaking, which will be referred to by all writers on Irish History in years to come, when you and I have long been at rest. The book is a fund of genealogical facts, which could not be got elsewhere; and is besides an admirable narrative of an important chapter in Ireland's annals. I rejoice that, despite of all difficulties, you had energy to go through your task.

"Your sincere and devoted friend,

"J. BERNARD BURKE Ulster.

"J. d'Alton, Esq."

MEDICAL WORKS.

The Ear in Health and Disease. By William Harvey, F.R.C.S. Third Edition, revised. (Renshaw, Strand.) There are few diseases which baffle the skill of the surgeon more than those of the ear, and there are few surgeons who understand these diseases better than the author of this clever treatise. A work of this kind has been long wanted; and, from its conciseness and small size, it forms a most valuable *aide-memoir* for the profession. In this last edition, Mr. Harvey has had no reason to alter his views respecting the practical portions of his work. The structure of the ear, one of the most intricate portions of the human apparatus, was but little understood by the old anatomist; of late years however, physiologists have paid especial attention to this organ, and the researches of Saunders, Kramer, and others, are fully appreciated by Mr. Harvey. The anatomy of the ear is most clearly described, and the wood engravings which illustrate the section on the function of hearing in Dr. Brinton's translation of Valentin's physiology, and which the author has been allowed to use, are of a very superior order, especially "The ear, external and internal." The chapter on Deaf-mutism is especially interesting; and that portion of the work descriptive of acute inflammation of the tympanum resulting from scarlatina, is treated most ably, and is full of valuable instruction. Among the many branches of quackery, there is none so dangerous as that which tampers ignorantly with the human ear. Too many sufferers from deafness apply to ignorant pretenders, who rob them of their money, and very often of the little hearing they may have left. All sorts of tubes and trumpets are supplied, and not unfrequently with dangerous results. Mr. Harvey's remarks on ear-trumpets are very judicious. "There never was, and never will be invented an apparatus better adapted to collect sound from every direction than the human auricle; but much may be done to collect the vibrations which issue from one direction only, excluding the rest; this is the design of ear-trumpets. In certain cases of incurable imperfections of hearing, the ear-trumpet is a very convenient and useful instrument; but like spectacles indiscreetly chosen or improperly used, these instruments may be useless, or even mischievous." The author proceeds to describe instruments of various kinds and shapes which serve to carry out the cupidities of instrument makers; observes that "the simple tin trumpet, which may be purchased for half-a-crown or less, is quite as useful as the most costly." There are certain small instruments advertised to fit the meatus, capable of being concealed by the cap, bonnet, or hair, which Mr. Harvey says "obtain their quality of invisibility at the expense of their utility," as they are unfit for the purpose, and often "relight up an inflammatory action, scarcely yet, perhaps, or but just subdued." This work is philosophical and eminently practical. It cannot be too highly commended.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Equipped Warrior. (Ha-Chaluz. Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen über jüdische Geschichte, Literatur und Alterthumskunde." Vierter Jahrgang. Breslau: Sulzbach.) We have only very recently received, and only just perused, the fourth annual volume, of the great "Continental Hebrew Magazine." The same vigorous originality which characterised the articles in the previous volumes continues to distinguish the essays and disquisitions in the one before us. The spirit of liberal principles, and sound criticism, seems to expand to its utmost limits. The learned essays which appeared in the former volumes have, as a matter of course, incurred severe animadversions from the pillars of the old Hebrew school. To rebut the attacks, of the merciless censors, is the purport of the majority of the papers in the annual volume under review. It opens with a very cleverly-written article entitled "Achooray Ha-pargood," *Anglic*, "Behind the Scenes." It is from the pen of M. Shohor, the principal editor. In a masterly, dramatic style does the writer portray the grand conclave of the conservative Hebrew *literati* and *savans*, assembled for the purpose of examining the claims of the liberal reformers as to their qualifications to treat of science, history, literature, archaeology, &c. Different learned men are summoned and examined before the portentous tribunal. Some are commended, others are rebuked, others again severely censured, according to the degree of heinous heterodoxy which the witnesses betrayed in their depositions. The transparent profession of impartiality, candour, and disinterestedness on the part of the judges and jurors are witheringly satirised and deeply probed. The whole drama is exceedingly well worked out, and would create a sensation, if enacted, on every civilised stage. Though written for a Hebrew theatre, it may yet be produced on the boards of Europe; so truthfully are the upholders of conservatism and liberalism presented. The second paper is from the pen of the celebrated Abraham Krochmal. In a highly philosophical essay, entitled "Irree Anoochee," "I am a Hebrew," does the writer repel the charge of his being a deserter from the creed of Israel. He justifies, by the most cogent and telling arguments, his non-submission to the dicta of the learned dogmatists of the middle ages; he proves that it is possible for a son of Israel to be an orthodox follower of "the law and the prophets," and at the same time keep pace with the progress of science and literature, as it is evolved in our own day. Abraham Krochmal is followed by M. Shohor. The editor, in an elaborate essay, investigates the pretensions of Hebrew conservative theology, science, and literature in general. He brings to his task the vast treasures of learning with which his mind is stored. M. Shohor seems to have the whole range of Hebrew literature—which is far more voluminous than the general reader has any idea of—at his fingers' ends. We consider the "Ha-Chaluz," or "The Equipped Warrior," to be the most formidable foe which conservative Judaism has to deal with. We are apprehensive of its cause, if that sturdy general, the editor, continues to discharge his missiles from his apparently inexhaustible quiver. The well known Dr. Geiger comes next in the pages of the present volume, and manfully defends his statement—which has been contradicted by the erudite, but bigoted and partial, Rabbi Rappoport, of Prague—that the far-famed Maimonides professed, at one time, Christianity, and at another time Islamism, in order to save his life, which seemed to have been often imperilled. The paper is written with that energy and power with which Dr. Geiger's style is so eminently endowed. The next article consists of a letter from the talented editor of "Ha-Mazkeer," or "Hebraische Bibliographie"—Dr. M. Steinschneider—accompanying a copy of an antique Hebrew poem, indited in the fourteenth century by a young Hebrew physician, not long before he suffered martyrdom at Palermo for his religion. The martyr, Moses de Rina, preferred to lay down his life to retaining it at the expense of changing his religion for that which the Sicilians professed and practised. The poem, though marred at its commencement by much self-laudation and egotism, is upon the whole a very interesting and

touching production. The review of Dr. Geiger's celebrated work, published at Breslau in 1857—"On the Original and Translations of the Bible, in its connection with the Internal Development of Judaism"—from the pen of the chief editor, is a splendid essay. The two great sects to which Judaism gave rise during the latter days of the Second Temple—namely, the Sadducees and the Pharisees—are ably treated: their respective political and civil aspirations, manoeuvres, and schemes, shrewdly delineated. Several other important historical and critical themes are skillfully handled, and are deserving of thoughtful consideration. The volume concludes with a fine biographical sketch of a certain philosopher, Isaac Albalg by name, who had the misfortune to be born long before he could be understood by the *israélites*. He flourished at the latter end of the twelfth century, and of course—as a great philosopher could then only be understood by very few, and those few were generally despised—Albalg was particularly despised. Moreover, he was cruelly maligned for his lax notions respecting theories and doctrines; and thus it came to pass that his name remained unknown to general fame. The writer, however, who has undertaken the vindication of the almost-forgotten philosopher's reputation, brings to his task a mass of evidence which establishes the position of his client on the most valid basis; moulds it into a broad and firm pedestal for Albalg, which will, no doubt, henceforth occupy a niche in the temple of fame. The evidence which the biographer adduces proves Albalg to have been a great and sound philosopher, in word, thought, and in deed. If any unwittingly talk of the Hebrew as "a dead language," we beg to inform them that all the articles in all the volumes of the "Ha-Chaluz" are written in pure, classical Hebrew, quite as fluently composed as Lord Macaulay's English. The variety of subjects treated, in the "Annual" under notice, will show the wonderful pliability of the sacred tongue, and its capability to express whatever is wished in the most lively and fascinating style. We hope that "The Equipped Warrior" may ere long invade our sanctum again.

1. *The Emigrant's Daughter.* By M. E. E. Nelson.
2. *My Wife's Pin-Money.* By M. E. E. Nelson. (London: Saunders, Otley, and Co. 1860.) "The Emigrant's Daughter" has its origin in an episode of the reign of Catherine II.; it is addressed to her Imperial Majesty Mary Alexandrovna; it is written with a view to some moral end; and the authoress has resided several years in St. Petersburg in the capacity of governess. Such are the facts we learn from an introductory address, written in French of such a nature as to give us but a poor opinion of Miss Nelson's proficiency in that tongue. The authoress tells us, in her preface, of the sacred duty which she felt of keeping her pen within bounds; but her bounds are ill-defined and her pen erratic. This attribute has given rise to "The Emigrant's Daughter," "a charming specimen of the French aristocracy, of which not a vestige remains." In the year of our Lord 1858, the pen of Miss Nelson ceased its wanderings, but trying circumstances of place attended the completion of "The Emigrant's Daughter," which was finished in "the filthy interior of the city of Constantinople, amidst the *bizarre* and Heaven-forsaken natives, with their over-laden, over-beaten asses." The Constantinopolitan donkey-drivers have been so unfortunate as to rouse the indignation of Miss Nelson: they pay no respect to persons; they have jostled the authoress of "The Emigrant's Daughter" in the public streets; they are as much to be avoided as possible, for they, like Jehu, are won't to drive furiously. After an attentive reading of the preface, where we learn "that the massacres of both Christians and Israelites in Syria, Abyssinia, Africa, and elsewhere, arise from the intrigues of Romish priests, and from 'females calling themselves the sisters of charity,'" with other information of a similarly political and religious nature, we came to the tale itself; and on our first approach were confounded by the number of italicised words and sentences which a general review presented to us. On a nearer inspection, we found that the italics denoted a foreign language. On page 28 we met with "*je vous fais gré, cher Comte*—for your frankness." This is the speech of Catherine II. to Count Orloff, after a remarkable

display of sincerity in that nobleman's conversation "*Vous êtes une incorrigible flatteuse*—and not to be too rigorous, I am obliged to give you a kiss," was the interesting and kind remark made by the same lady to Cécile, the emigrant's daughter. We find Milton to be the *benevolus accusator* of his master and his king, a devoted servant of Cromwell, and yet (strange inconsistency) "a model of patriarchal virtue, who borrowed only from angels; his genius invoked from the plains of infinite space the language of the stars, if I may say it,"—alas! the "I" betrays us; we had intended not to put this sentence into inverted commas; we are conscious of a gross and absurd attempt at plagiarism—absurd, for the conclusion would have at once shown the reader the evidence of a more highly cultivated mind—"if I may say it, those rhythms so enchanting, those celestial thoughts, those chaste and sublime ideas, which have placed for succeeding ages the 'Paradise Lost' along with the 'Iliad' of Homer, and the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of the great poet of Ferrara." After this climax, it is perhaps useless to continue our notice; the lark, when he has begun his flight into the blue æther, does not readily dispose himself to look upon the ground if peradventure he may find a wriggling worm. But the lark cannot stay in heaven for ever, neither can the reader for ever wander in the region of ecstasy to which this quotation must certainly have conveyed him. We will suppose, then, the reader to have fallen from the "full meridian of his glory," and continue. On page 99 we meet with the third, *chef-d'œuvre*. We have a word or two to say on this wholesale importation of French words and phrases into an English book. Is there a poverty of expression in the English tongue, and, if so, can it be remedied in this respect by the French? Is there a want of euphony in English words for an English people?—for we suppose this work, from the majority of its words being English, to have been printed for the delectation of an English public. Ought not "masterpieces" to have been entitled to the place occupied by "*chef-d'œuvre*?" Such a compound word was not thought inferior to it by Hallam. Could not Queen Catherine have said to Count Orloff—"I am much obliged to you, my dear Count, for your frankness," if Count Orloff understood English; or "*Je vous fais gré, cher Comte, de votre franchise*," if he spoke French, or some other complication of sounds if he only understood Russian. Why should we have a mermaid-like expression, a conversational hybrid, such as the one we have above quoted? We might do better by following the example of the Germans. But words have had the too common effect of leading us away from things. We are entering into a logomachy with an unknown antagonist, when it is our duty rather to review her tale. We will endeavour to do so. The type and general appearance of the book do credit to the publishers; but we cannot in justice say that the contents of the volume do equal credit to its fair author. Her work, we are afraid, is not destined to prove either instructive in any great degree, or entertaining in the slightest, to posterity or a present public. "My Wife's Pin-money," another result of our author's varied genius, can scarcely be more highly spoken of. It is distinguished by the same quantity of italics; though some of them in this latter tale are far beyond our range of comprehension. Page 61:—"The head and the bed of Wycherley in an instant was covered with these *ex-voto* of tenderness and of literary respect." This passage appearing to us totally unintelligible, we again consulted the context, but were not released from indecision. We will give the whole preceding paragraph owing to which our doubts had their origin. "This manifestation did not confine itself merely to toasts; all the guests threw themselves on the poet with the most tender embraces, and, as if by common consent, brought branches, or rather a crown of laurel; the head and the bed, &c." Now as only one crown of laurel is mentioned, it is plain that "these *ex-voto*" cannot refer to it. Still less can they refer to the "tender embraces," for both the head and the bed of the poet "was covered" with them. By the logical method of exhaustion, then, it necessarily follows that "these *ex-voto*" must refer to, or perhaps be synonymous with, "toasts." On the next page Wycherley makes a most grateful speech, but, in the enthusiasm of the moment, he

is drawn into a temporary forgetfulness of his Latin grammar, in observing that the crown of laurel is equivalent to "all the decorations and all the insignias possible of the Order of the Bath." Much information of a various kind may be obtained from a careful perusal of this work. We learn from page 43 that it "does not become angels of light to play with chaos;" that the contemporaries of Wycherley were fallen angels; that they were accustomed to wear wings; and that they were not disposed to acknowledge any other Pillars of Hercules "than the limits, fixed even in the arduous germinating in the human mind." In conclusion, we should be inclined to accord to this tale the description, sometimes strange, but always amusing.

Narrative of the Origin and Progress of the Edmonton and Tottenham Ragged School, &c. By M. Lasearon, M.D. (Tottenham: G. Coventry.) We are at a loss to divine to what circumstance we are indebted for the receipt of this extraordinary publication. We can only conjecture that the object of the person who sent the brochure to us was to annoy us, and in this case let the sender enjoy, if he can, the morbid gratification at his *ruse* having met with signal success. We have seldom read anything which gave us so much pain as this awful pamphlet. It purports to be a narrative of "M. Lasearon, M.D., respecting 'God's work as carried on by me.' The 'work' means the starting of a ragged school for the benefit of Edmonton and Tottenham. Schools of that description have become popular, and deservedly so, for they prove, in the majority of instances, most valuable institutions. The announcement of the simple fact, therefore, would have afforded us sincere pleasure. But "M. Lasearon, M.D.," is not satisfied with stating a simple fact; he must needs tell us how often and how fervently he prayed, and that the most extraordinary answers have been vouchsafed to his petitions. Let our readers imagine the modesty of a man who publishes, for sale, his orisons, couched in the most offensive language, and they will understand the sharp irritation which we felt whilst perusing the "Narrative," &c. We feel a sincere reverence for holy things, and it pains us not a little to see them exposed, so that they may be made subjects of ridicule by the frivolous and profane. "M. Lasearon, M.D." throws the boasting Pharisee, mentioned in a certain parable, into the shade. Let our readers should accuse us of exaggeration, we give here a few extracts from the mass of objectionable matter in this very objectionable publication, which "contains a record of the period from January, 1856, to January, 1860." "On the 7th January, 1856, the little room was opened with prayer, by myself and a few Christians." (P. 4.) "Again we went on our knees, and asked the counsel of Him who had guided hitherto; for we felt now it was surely the Lord's work, and He would direct us aright." (P. 5.) "This matter also had to be laid before the Lord, in order to obtain means; and now I began to plead with true faith." How very naïf! "And here we raised another Ebenezer, with thanksgiving." (P. 6.) "Still I went on praying." (P. 8.) "It was on the 17th March, 1858, just as I had finished my private devotion, that I felt the Lord had heard my prayer. . . . The means had come, for already I had received more than £600; but now a fresh subject for prayer arose." (P. 9.) "One of these bricklayers had since been converted. And as the building went forward, so the Lord augmented our funds, for we lacked nothing. It is true, I had always to pray, but I felt it was the work of prayer, and God would have it such to be." (P. 12.) "To the prayerless and ungodly it appeared like a miracle, but not so to me, for it was the answer to my prayer." (P. 13.) "I now prayed most fervently that God would show me what He would have me to do, and how to act." (P. 16.) There is, however, a passage in this painful "Narrative" which led us to make some inquiries on the spot about this object of paraded prayer, and we learn that the Tottenham Ragged School, under the management of "M. Lasearon, M.D.," is a positive nuisance in its immediate neighbourhood. If anything is lost, strayed, or stolen, it is sure to be found in the school which has been bedecked with so many boasts of prayer. The passage we allude to occurs in p. 16. It runs thus:—"How grieved was my spirit when I found

that many of these dear young girls, who four years ago had become our scholars, had gone to wreck and ruin in body and soul! Being a medical man, I had perhaps more opportunity of finding out their deplorable state than I should have had in ordinary circumstances." We felt rather sceptical, after perusing the pamphlet, as to the title "M.D.," which is tacked on to the author's name. We made search in all the Medical Directories and other authorities, but we could not find such a name in those channels of communication. From the style, we supposed the writer to be a foreigner. "M. Lasearon, M.D.," intimates that his ragged school is of a non-sectarian character. If such be the case, how comes it to pass that none of the clergy of either Tottenham or Edmonton appear in his list of subscribers? Is it not a novel thing that the same individual should act in the capacity of treasurer and auditor of the same fund? "M. Lasearon, M.D.," says nothing of the utter failure of a shoeblack brigade in connection with his institution. There was one episode, we have learnt, in the annals of the "Edmonton and Tottenham Ragged School" replete with the elements of romance and poetry. But that episode, which manifested such an unmistakable "touch of nature," the narrator has thought proper to suppress. It is to the effect that the first schoolmistress of that institution fell in love with the first ragged boy of the same—a lad of about seventeen years of age—and married him off-hand. M. Lasearon having a soul neither for the sentimental nor the poetic, sent the young couple away sorrowing and starving—*Tantene animis celestibus ire!* We could not help wishing that the author of "John Gilpin" had still been in the land of the living, and now residing at Edmonton.

The Nautical Almanack for 1864. (J. Murray.) If ever the condition of England in this century should become a matter of antiquarian research, its future men of science will find in the volumes of the "Nautical Almanack" a striking proof of the greatness we have attained. It is a proud triumph of astronomical science that we should be able to publish, nearly four years in advance, a bulky volume predicting, to a fraction of a second, the precise celestial whereabouts of sun, moon, and planets for every day and hour of a future year, together with a multitude of calculations respecting the fixed stars, which the astronomer and the navigator will be glad to realise; but it is amazing that the demand for this particular kind of knowledge should be sufficient to justify the sale of five hundred large and closely-printed pages, giving the results of an appalling mass of intricate calculations, for the small sum of half-a-crown. Such a work is cosmopolitan rather than English, and is founded upon the observations of the astronomers of all countries, which are brought together by an application of labour and ingenuity which is truly wonderful. The large class for whose use the "Nautical Almanack" is chiefly designed, need from us no description of its contents, while its details are unintelligible to ordinary readers; but its appendix contains a few matters within common comprehension, and which it is interesting to know. Thus, while the civil or legal day commences at midnight, the astronomical day begins at noon, and the civil reckoning is always twelve hours in advance of the astronomical reckoning. "A day is the interval of time between the departure of any meridian from a heavenly body and its succeeding return to it, and derives its name from the body with which the motion of the meridian is compared." Thus we have solar days, or ordinary days, lunar days, sidereal days, which do not precisely correspond, because the heavenly bodies do not preserve the same relative positions. In practice it is necessary to invent another kind of day, of a known length, and divisible into a given number of equal parts. This is called a "mean solar day," the length of which is equal to the average of all the actual solar days in a year. This day is founded upon an imaginary sun, supposed to move uniformly in the equator, and constantly either before or behind the true sun. By observing the sun, solar time is obtained, and the "Nautical Almanack" enables this to be immediately converted into mean time by giving for every day the difference between the two. We have no intention of inditing a paper on popular astronomy, but this explanation

will supply an answer to inquiries of the mode in families, who are often puzzled to know what the sun is about in being before or after the dusk, as the "Almanack" asserts. We cannot precisely recommend young ladies who subscribe to Mudie's to send for the "Nautical Almanack" as a book of light reading, but every Englishman must be proud of it who has any idea what it is about.

Peace in One Body. A Sermon Preached on Sunday, September 23, 1850, &c. &c. By the Rev. C. Robinson, LL.D. (Blackburn: C. Tiplady.) The object of this discourse, as its title imports, is a "peace offering" to all denominations of Protestant Dissenters, to induce them to return to the bosom of the Church. Dr. Robinson is evidently an earnest-minded man, and if his delivery is as energetic as his diction is emphatic, we can well imagine that the church of which the author is the incumbent is well attended by a certain class of the people of that important manufacturing town. But we question very much whether Dr. Robinson's discourses, when published, are likely to prove as attractive to the public at large as they may be to his own people, from his own lips and pulpit. The sermon was preached, we are told, "On the occasion of the meeting of the Congregational Union in Blackburn." The well-intentioned author, like many other pious-minded men, longeth, groaneth, and travaileth in pain for peace. Nearly two-thirds of the discourse before us are devoted to an appeal to the Dissenters to come back to the mother Church. But assuredly Dr. Robinson has not hit on the best plan of wooing Nonconformists in order to win them back again. People are not likely to be conciliated to our modes of thought by an assault of hard words. As for ourselves, we think Dr. Robinson's compromise most objectionable, and, if acted upon, would only make "confusion worse confounded" in the Church of England. Here is our preacher's method for producing "Peace in One Body":—"An acknowledgment of episcopal authority is the only thing absolutely requisite to bring about a reunion between the Church and those orthodox bodies of Christians which have unfortunately separated from her. Forms and ceremonies and peculiar customs are matters of secondary importance, which might well be left to time to adjust. Acting frankly and willingly under episcopal license, I see no reason why those who are now *de facto* ministers to their own congregations, should not, without any re-ordination, or injurious contentions, *de jure* be invited to join us, not occasionally but as freely as our own brethren, in the celebration of Divine worship in the Church, and that the like services should be reciprocated by us to their congregations. Something, it must be confessed, is due to the old Puritans whom our fathers so unwisely and harshly treated, and if ever a restoration be effected, it will only be by the Church making kindly advances, and showing a generous consideration for the feelings, and even prejudices, of those who are now alienated from her communion."—(P. 12.)

Henry and Mary; or, the Little Orphans; an Interesting Tale for Young Readers. Translated from the German of Amalia Schoppe. By Susan Cobbett. (Manchester: John Heywood. 1860.) This little German tale is neatly presented to us, in an English dress, as far as typography, pictorial illustrations, and binding are concerned. But we have some floating recollection of an ancient proverb, which ran thus: "Ne inspicias cantharum, sed id quod in eo est." The proverb strikes us as peculiarly applicable to this pretty-looking little volume. We cannot conscientiously endorse the line on the title page which asserts that "Henry and Mary" is "An interesting tale for young readers." Young German readers may probably keep awake whilst perusing the story of "The Little Orphans," as treated by Amalia Schoppe, but we are almost certain that young English readers would find the tale too powerful a narcotic not to be hopelessly influenced by it. We apprehend Susan Cobbett's partiality for juvenile German tales left her no time for reading any of the many excellent juvenile English tales, which outdo in interest most of the German tales that have ever been written. We are forcibly impressed with the conviction that we are unsurpassed in that department of literature to which "Henry and Mary" belongs. We would respectfully recommend Susan Cobbett—who

has manifestly perfect mastery over the German language—to try her hand at translating some German works worthy of her abilities.

The Military and Christian Professions not Incompatible. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Chesterfield to the Chesterfield Volunteer Rifle Corps on Sunday, 29th July, 1860. By the Rev. George Butt, M.A., Vicar. (Roberts, Chesterfield, 1860.) This is a very reasonable address, and its contents bear out its title in proving that the Military and Christian professions are not incompatible. It would, indeed, be a most painful reflection to the many brave men who have come forward under the present movement, in defence of their country, to suppose for one moment that they un-Christianised themselves by taking upon them this honourable duty; but the reverend author fully shows, from the examples of Cornelius and others, as recorded in the Scriptures, as well as from the many instances of piety among the most illustrious of our warriors, that God may be faithfully served by those who are at the same time serving their country by bearing arms in its defence. He thus feelingly concludes his address:—"Let not those who honourably serve their Queen and country think the service of Christ less honourable, but rather incomparably more so. Let them catch the spirit of the sentiment contained in the simple but touching lines of a devout soldier,—

"In younger years I shed my blood
For my dear country and my sovereign's good,
In older years it was my pride to be
Servant to Him who shed His blood for me."

The aim, however, of the sermon is to show that the last of these services need not be postponed until the first has been relinquished; but that both of them may, and should be, entered upon together, and we have no doubt that the whole discourse was highly appreciated by the gallant corps before which it was preached, and at whose request it has been published.

THE MAGAZINES.

"Fraser" opens with a paper by "A. K. H. B."—a *non-de-plume* which is now becoming little less than a household word—on action and re-action, under the title of "Concerning Scylla and Charybdis; with some Thoughts on the Swing of the Pendulum." It has much more body and substance in it than many of its predecessors—a fact which perhaps accounts for its being much less readable. However, it contains a number of lessons which, though they be of the nature of truisms, it is yet good for us to have brought before us from time to time in a pleasant form. The miscellaneous remarks under the head of "A Last Word on Lord Macaulay" contain a great deal of sound criticism vigorously put, and which will prove of value to the future biographer of the English historian. Mr. G. J. Whyte Melville furnishes a well-written story of mediæval times called "To Ride for the King"—perhaps the best bit of fiction that has appeared this month. "The Financial Condition of Turkey" is written in a broad and acute spirit, as a contribution to the better understanding of the present state and future prospects of "the sick man." "A Snow Pic-nic" is very spiritedly done, containing an account of a sleigh drive in Canada. As for the "Chronicle of Current History," we can only say that it is as admirable as all its predecessors. Its candour and breadth of view constitute this chronicle a most excellent résumé of the month's events. The verses by Mr. Edward Wilberforce, called "Purgatory," are decidedly striking.

"Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for October." (Chapman and Hall.) Now that shilling monthlies of such literary merit as "Macmillan," and such lively versatility as that displayed in the "Cornhill," have taken a firm footing in our periodical literature, the older and more expensive magazines must look well to their laurels. The "New Monthly" strikes us as being greatly wanting in a definite purpose; its variety is not based on any principle; it aims at little beyond amusement, and the amusement it offers is by no means of the highest order. In the present issue not a single subject is touched upon which can be said to be of immediate interest. Perhaps we ought to except a rather curious article on "Ferdinand of Naples;"

but, with this single and not important exception, the remainder of the articles contained in this number would prove equally suitable for the "Colburn" of October, 1861. M. Jules Gérard's volume on Northern Africa, which forms the basis of the first article, was, if we mistake not, published some years ago; but the writer shows a perfect familiarity with his subject, and though we have of late heard almost too much of Algeria, his remarks may not prove unwelcome. The story of East Lynne, a very good one, by the way, is continued in this number. Sir Nathaniel's chapter is on Don John of Austria, the son of Charles V., and the washer-woman of Regensburg. A new story, "Mary Dynevor," promises to be interesting, and that is more than we can say of Mr. Cyrus Redding's article on "German Ideology," which must have been written in corroboration of the old proverb, that "There is nothing new under the sun."

"The Eclectic" of this month opens with a second article on the "Pauline Doctrine," written in the sententious and dogmatic style which so often characterise the theological controversies of this magazine. Among the many extraordinary positions taken up by the writer, we have the following:—"God always makes choice of the simplest means to effect any given end; and if there had been any other method by which human salvation could have been accomplished, it would have been preferred. But we have a right to assume that no other plan was present to the Infinite Mind." Is the writer in earnest? or does he intend the above to be a burlesque on the metaphysics of the schoolmen? We have next a short paper entitled "A Contrast, or Theological Differences," purporting to treat of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. The writer, however, throughout seems to have only one object in view—viz. to fall foul of "Essays and Reviews"—which he considers, wrongly or rightly, to be the strict logical development of the tone of thought that characterised the writers of the Oxford Tract School. "The Province of Reason" is a review of Dr. Young's criticism upon Mr. Mansell's "Bampton Lectures." This is a very able paper, and affords a marked contrast to the tedious dogmatism of the two previous articles. We can safely recommend it to those who are interested in this "never-ending, still-beginning" controversy; inasmuch as it furnishes an admirable exposition of those portions of Mr. Mansell's lectures which have been unfavourably commented upon in certain quarters, together with a most satisfactory refutation of his latest critic. Five articles, respectively entitled "Egypt's Place in Universal History," "Church Principles and Life," "The Social Affections"—a well-written, clever sketch, a marked improvement, by the way, upon the paper of the same title in last month's number—"Home Evangelisation," and "The Story of the Caliph Hakem," complete the number.

The "Art Journal" (London: J. S. Virtue.)—The "Art Journal" opens this month with a vigorously-written article on the art proceedings of Parliament during the last session, and the author inflicts a well merited castigation upon the Government and on certain independent members, for the shameful way in which all topics relative to the advancement of art and the promotion of artistic schemes are treated. We recommend no one who wishes to retain any faith in the "collective wisdom of the British legislature" to read this article, so calculated to destroy such a faith; but no one who is at all anxious to ascertain the true amount of taste and knowledge on artistic subjects found in that assembly should fail to read the forcible remarks in the article in question. Under the head of "British Artists; their Styles and Characters," we have a short biography of William Dyce, R.A. There is nothing else worthy of especial notice except Mr. Thomas Wright's "Miscellaneous Illustrations of Mediæval Manners," treating principally of the treatment of infancy, and children's pastimes, &c. The plates are as excellently done as usual. The first is a rich engraving of a portrait of Henrietta of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., with her two children; from the picture in the Royal collection. The engraving of Turner's well-known picture of *The Opening of the Walhalla* is admirably executed.

"The Spiritual Magazine."—It is almost incredible that in this nineteenth century of enlighten-

ment, the believers in spiritual manifestations should exist in sufficient numbers to require and support a journal exclusively devoted to the registration of their doings, and the propagation of their opinions. Yet such is the fact. We have now before us the 10th number of "The Spiritual Magazine," containing the latest spiritual intelligence, embodied in the spiritual articles, together with spiritual correspondence, and spiritual advertisements. In the opening article, under the title of "Elegant Extracts," the writer takes up the cudgels in behalf of his creed against the sceptical portion of the press. Who's afraid? Has he not been patted on the back by Mr. Thackeray? Is he not safe behind the ægis of the "Cornhill"? Laying that flattering unction to his soul, "Our Spiritual Contributor" floats the "Medical Times," professes a majestic ignorance of the "Freeman's" existence, is stiffly civil to "Once a Week," and spitefully cruel to poor "Punch"—towards whose extermination a special "answer to correspondents" is devoted—where, by-the-by, he is designated as "rampagious," and Toby's sanity questioned. To the "Literary Gazette" the writer is extremely complaisant, nay, even complimentary, although he confesses he does not quite like the spirit in which we commented on the famous paper in the "Cornhill," and Mr. John Delaware Lewis' article in "Once a Week." The "Dial" is snubbed for its unbelief in the largest of type, and the sorry "Seven Dials" joke resuscitated—in allusion to the promised appearance of our contemporary as a daily journal. The "News of the World," "Lloyd's Weekly News," and the "Daily Telegraph," all come in for their share of the castigation; and are advised to be more circumspect for the future, and take example from the "Dandee Standard," and that repentant prodigal, the "Morning Star"—"which has at last exercised a modicum of common sense." So it appears there is hope for the "Dial" yet. But they manage these things, it appears, much better on the other side of the Atlantic. "In America," we are told, "the battle of facts has been fairly fought out, and the press has been beaten. The journalists there, more advanced than ours, remember this, and are now much more discerning." In proof of this we are favoured with a quotation, half a column in length, from that widely-circulated and world-known journal, the "Amesbury Villager." When such an authority espouses the cause of the spiritualists, what have they to fear from the contemptible opposition of an effete journalism on this side of the Atlantic? "Facts and Theories Connected with Spiritual Phenomena," is the title of another long article; but, after a diligent search throughout its twelve pages, we are left in an exceedingly unpleasant state of doubt as to which are the facts and which the theories. Perhaps the writer will explain in a future number. "The Davenport Boys again" is the heading of some astounding spiritual intelligence from America, communicated by one Dr. Harlow in a letter to the "Herald of Progress." It appears that at a certain spiritual assembly held near Chagrin Falls, Ohio, two Masters Davenport were placed in a box, "constructed after spirit direction," viz. ten feet long, two and a half feet wide, and six feet high, "each medium being tied with cords on a permanent or stationary seat, one at each end of the box." The doors of the box were then closed and bolted on the inside. "A moment after several beautifully formed hands were thrust out at an aperture in the box, six feet from the mediums, and remained quivering and oscillating in the gleam of a bright light, sufficiently long for every one in the audience to count and fully view those wonder-working tokens of spirit presence." On the lights being blown out, apparently an indispensable ceremony previous to most spiritual manifestations, "music was heard—five instruments being played in concert—and several very animating pieces were executed in a manner indicating a high order of musical taste, skill and ability." Then followed the most extraordinary part of the entertainment. One of the auditory, a sceptic, wished to shake hands with the spirits. This privilege was refused by "Johnny" (the showman, we presume), but the sceptic insisted. A squabble was the result. The sceptic made "another attempt to intrude his unwelcome hand into the box," whereupon "Johnny thrust out his trumpet, and with a blow knocked Mr. Orthodox fairly off his

feet." If this is *spiritual manifestation*, we should be glad to know what "muscular action" is like. In future, visitors to spiritual *séances* had better be provided with life-preservers. Our space forbids us commenting *seriatim* on the rest of the articles that make up this extraordinary number. In addition to those noticed, we have "A Sea-side Rhapsody," which fully bears out its name; "Garibaldi" (seen of course from a spiritual point of view); "A Word with Our Contemporaries," "Spiritualism and the Protestant Reformation," and "Ghosts in Costume," all of which will be interesting enough to "spiritualists."

"Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England." Vol. XXI. Part XLV. (Murray.)—We have now before us the first number of what may be almost called a new series of "The Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England." We call it a new series because it is the first issue under the management of "the editor" lately elected by the council of that body. Volume twenty-first, part forty-five, will certainly bear a favourable comparison with its predecessors. In fact, the present number is a decided improvement. The twaddle and rubbish is gradually clearing away, and in its stead we find some really practical information. "The Journal," like the show-yard at the annual meetings of the society, contains less useless matter than before. Many weeds have been extirpated; many articles, both mechanical and experimental, have proved on trial "great facts,"—as failures. Generally, the essays in "The Journal" are pictures of agricultural life and operations as they now exist. It is very rare, indeed, that contributors or editors point out what ought to be, and what should be done, to meet the difficulties assailing the farmer on every side. It is very well to make investigations and try experiments. Chemical analysis may be of some service in extending chemical science, but it does not appear to be of any great use to the husbandman. And we regret very much that the journalist has not installed the valuable motto which first established the Royal Agricultural Society in public estimation into the first issue under the new and amended state of things. "Practice with Science" was the motto under which were enrolled members of this great society, and we should have been glad to have seen this golden maxim placed prominently on the title-page of "The Journal," and, still more, fully carried out in its pages. As it is—"Science seems everything; practice nothing." So far as we can judge, we find more reliance and greater success attending the practice than the science of agriculture. We generally read the reports of farming in different counties for which the society's £50 prize is given. No doubt these essays are historically valuable, and show the practice followed, as in Berkshire, in the present number; but we have failed to discover any information, from the first to the last page of the book, that will instruct the tenant-farmer how to pay his way when he has not an income from other sources, and is entirely dependent on the land in his occupation. The balance-sheet is the greatest of all tests, and is more valuable, when on the right side, than all the investigations of all the chemists. Somehow or other, as science advances, the balance-sheet retrogrades and hides itself. How gladly would every tenant-farmer make a pilgrimage into Berkshire or any other county where any talented essayist could point out a *rent-and-tax-paying* farm. But, although this would be a difficult question, it is nevertheless one of the most important questions at the present day; certainly, most important to the farmers of England. Any essayist or chemist capable of performing this task, and showing how farmers are to pay increased rents and increased expenses (as well as meet the increased competition for land), would deserve well of his fellow-labourers. He would revolutionise England, Wales, and Scotland, and, like another Garibaldi, confer on toiling millions the benefits of the improved *régime*. We hail the advent of his coming; may it be soon, to prevent the collapse which seems impending from the watery sky while we write. That farming has improved there can be no doubt, but it does not appear in the abstract that in doing so the farmers have improved their position or increased their income, although they have improved their farms. One of the writers in "The Journal" labours hard

to fill some pages to show how to prepare a seed-bed for agricultural crops. The essayist might have given, in a few words, more valuable information to the agriculturist than could be found either in the essay or in the chemical examinations and analyses throughout the book. In speaking of the mechanical condition of the land brought into a granulated state by the action of the weather, he might have stated, "Jack Frost" is our best implement, and can prepare a seed-bed better than any man living. The articles on "Dairy Practice" are valuable, and we feel obliged to the editor for many marginal notes throughout the book, and for his contributions. We hope another issue will take the hint we have given, and if our editor can point out how to avoid a loss in farming as a business, he will confer a great benefit on owners and occupiers. We understand that all are complaining; even those who have no rent to pay, and who have the best advice and assistance in farm management.

SELF HELP.

A SONNET WRITTEN AFTER READING MR. SMILES' WORK.

Work on! Hope on! There's not a page but cheers
With some high deed in lowliest cradle born;
Some light, now quenchless, struggling toward the morn.
Some arch-apostle erst baptised in tears;
So surely grows the meed of toilsome years.
Not on proud wing did holy angels rise,
But step by step their ladder scaled the skies.
And wouldst thou, worm of earth, in idle scorn
Leap at the highest heaven of honoured art?
Nay, rather in the field our fathers trod
Put hand to plough, and bravely wake the clod;
Well pleased if from the fulness of her heart
Earth grant thee knowledge, and the smile of God
Light on thy treasure; then in peace depart.

A. H. H.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Acton (W.), Practical Treatise on Urinary and Generative Organs, 3rd edition, 8vo, 21s.; with plates, 31s. 6d. Churchill.
Adeney (W.), Brief Memoir of "Wearning not Rusting, or Labour for God," by Beames, 12mo, 2s. Dalton.
All the Year Round, vol. 3, royal 8vo, 5s. 6d. Office.
Arnold (T. K.), Eclogæ Ovidianæ, part 1, 10th edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Rivingtons.
Art Album, Sixteen Facsimiles of Water-Colour Drawing, 4to, 21s. Kent.
Arthur (T. S.), Italy in Transition, 2nd edition, post 8vo, 6s. Hamilton.
Baxter (H. F.), On Organic Polarity, 12mo, 5s. Churchill.
Bentley's Family Series—Webb (Mrs.), Martyrs of Carthage, new edition, 12mo, 2s. 6d. Bentley.
Bentley's Standard Novels—Quits, by Author of "Initials," 12mo, 3s. 6d. and 4s. Bentley.
Bird (Golding) and Brooke's Elements of Natural Philosophy, 5th edition, 12mo, 12s. 6d. Churchill.
Blair (Rev. James), The Scottish Evangelist, Life and Labours, post 8vo, 4s. 6d. Simpkin.
Bohn's Classical Library—Dictionary of Latin Quotations, with Index Verborum, 6s.; Index separate, 1s.
Bohn's Scientific Library—Chevreul (M. E.), Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colour, 12mo, new edition, 5s. and 7s. 6d.
Brougham's (Lord) Address at the National Association for Promotion of Social Science, 8vo, 1s. Griffin.
Brown (J. B.), Doctrine of Divine Fatherhood in Relation to the Atonement, post 8vo, 1s. 6d. Ward.
Cheap Library—Sinclair (Miss), Country Hospitalities, 12mo, 1s. Simpkin.
Child's Picture Story Book, illustrated by Gilbert and others, 16mo, 5s. Kent.
Colquhoun (P.), Summary of Roman Civil Law, vol. 4, royal 8vo, 7s. 6d.; 4 vols. 84s. Stevens and Son.
Companion for Youth, vol. 2, post 8vo, 2s. 6d. Lea.
Cook (Eliza), Poems, illustrated by Gilbert Welf and others, 4to, 21s. Routledge.
Corpe (H.), Introduction to Modern Greek, post 8vo, 5s. Quaritch.
Day (G. E.), Chemistry in its Relation to Physical and Medical Science, 8vo, 20s. Baillière.
Dodgson (Lieut.-Col.), General Views and Special Points of Interest of the City of Lucknow, folio, 42s. Day.
Essay towards a Collection of Books Relating to Proverbs, Emblems, &c., 8vo, 21s. Quaritch.
Garibaldi, An Autobiography by Dumas, new edition, 12mo, 2s. and 2s. 6d. Routledge.
Gill (J. B.), An Epitome of Surgery, 32mo, 1s. Baillière.
Gladstone's Reapers, by the Author of "Simplicity and Fascination," 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Bentley.
Hodgson's Novels—Dumas (A.), Charles the Bold, 12mo, 2s. Johnson (E.), Domestic Practice of Hydropathy, new edition, 8vo, 6s. Simpkin.
Lady's (The) Illustrated Almanac, 1861, 4to, 1s.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, new edition, 18mo, 2s. 6d. and 3s. Griffin.
Macmillan's Magazine, vol. 2, 8vo, 7s. 6d. Macmillan.
Marshall (J.), A Description of the Human Body—Its Structure and Function, 2 vols, 4to, 21s. Day.

Meade (M.), The Almost Christian Discovered, 12mo, 2s. Tract Society.
Money, a Novel, by Collin Kennaquhoun, 3 vols, post 8vo, 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.
Moore (T.), Lalla Rookh, an Oriental Romance, illustrated by R. Foster and others, 4to, 15s. Routledge.
Morrison (Rev. James), Memorial by Kennedy, Service and Suffering, post 8vo, 5s.
O'Neill (C.), Chemistry of Calico Printing, Dyeing, and Bleaching, 18mo, 18s. Trübner.
One Hundred and Fifty Popular Songs, 5th book, royal 8vo, 1s.
Parlor Library—Skeleton in Every House, by Waters, 12mo, 2s. 6d. C. H. Clarke.
Pigg (J. G.), Sermons Preached at Marlborough Chapel, London, 2nd edition, post 8vo, 5s. Ward.
Rural Shepherd and his Sheep, post 8vo, 1s. Treadler.
Sabbath Bells Chimed by the Picts, new edition, 4to, 10s. 6d. Griffin.
Sala (G. A.), Make your Game, or the Adventures of a Stout and Slim Gentleman, 12mo, 2s. Ward and Lock.
Sargent (G. E.), Sketches of the Crusades, new edition, 12mo, 2s. Treadler.
Scott (Lady), Skeleton in the Cupboard, 2 vols, 21s. Saunders and Otley.
Smith (J.), Fruits from the Tree of Life, 32mo, 1s. and 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Stanford's New London Guide, 12mo, 3s. 6d. Stanford.
Sweet Story of Old, 16mo, 2s. 6d. Tract Society.
Thiers (M.), History of the French Revolution, vol. 4, 12mo, 4s. 6d. and 5s. Bentley.
Three Gems in One Setting, by A. I. Bend, 4to, 15s. Kent.
Timbs (J.), Anecdote Biography—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Fuseli, Lawrence, and Turner, 12mo, 6s. Bentley.
Trevor (C.), The Taxes on Succession, 2nd edition, 8vo, 15s. Stevens.
Welcome Guest, vol. 2, new series, royal 8vo, 5s. 6d.
Winslow (C.), Help Heavenward, Words of Strength and Heart Cheer to Zion's Travellers, 18mo, 2s. 6d.
Wordsworth (C.), New Joint-Stock Company Law, new edition, 8vo, 5s. Shaw.

We have received the following:—

"Chambers's Encyclopedia." Part XX. (W. and R. Chambers.)

"The Comprehensive History of England." Illustrated. Parts XXXI. and XXXII. (Blackie and Son, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.)

"Routledge's Illustrated Natural History." Part XX. (Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London.)

"The English Encyclopedia of Arts and Sciences." Conducted by Charles Knight. Part XXI. (Bradbury and Evans, London.)

"Book of Field Sports." Part VII. (Henry Lea, Warwick Lane, London.)

"The Journey of Life." By C. Sinclair. 9th edition. Run and Read Library. (Simpkin and Marshall.)

THE FOUNDER OF THE QUAKERS.—Messrs. Saunders, Otley and Co., we observe by our advertising columns, will this day publish the long-promised "Life of George Fox, the Founder of the Quakers."

We are given to understand that the author of "The Curates of Riversdale" is preparing for early publication a sequel to that work. It is to be of the same size as the original novel.

MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD, has, we understand, the following works in preparation:—"The Bishop's Daughter. A Story of the Dark Ages." By the author of "Squires and Parsons." "The Adventures of Mr. Ambiguous Law, an Articled Clerk; being Notes and Sketches Founded upon Fact." "Enoch, or the Sons of God and the Sons of Men." By Professor Robertson, Dublin.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN'S announcement for October include "Our Exemplars, Poor and Rich:" a series of biographical sketches of men and women who have, by an extraordinary use of their opportunities, benefited their fellow-creatures. This attractive work is edited by Mr. Recorder Hill, and Lord Brougham writes a preface for it. The same publishers announce, "Hope Evermore; or, Something to Do:" a tale of the Ragged Schools.

EDUCATE, EDUCATE.—Every person who, by his station or position, can exercise influence over others, should reckon it his duty to press upon them the necessity of educating their children according to their degree, and help them in their efforts to do so. It is calculated that a criminal, beginning as a young pickpocket and ending as a convict of mature age at Portland or elsewhere, costs his country £300 for his mere maintenance, independently of the damage he may have inflicted upon society in the course of his vicious career.—Once a Week.

THE WEEK.

The blinks and gushes of sunshine which have ushered in October, instead of wiling London home, are likely to occasion a fresh exodus of its denizens to stubble fields and other fields where the oxygen is supposed to be purer than in the postal districts of the metropolis, and this, in spite of the returns of the Registrar-General, which assure us that, if the rate of mortality had maintained its average, we ought to have had 171 more deaths among us last week. But October is famous for its autumn foliage and home-brewed, and something the artist may yet gather into the garner of his portfolio, and the practical man turn to account in domestic economy. We who tarry at home wander about the streets humming, dolefully, "What's this dull town to me?" From the Marble Arch to the East End Opera House all is barrenness, and he is a lucky man who picks up an idea in the course of his waking day. Let us hope for the better days of London fogs, when returned tourists and pleasure-seekers will gather round the hearth and retail their experiences, and give us something to think and talk about.

A long statement in the "Times," respecting the "Book-hawking Union," makes no astonishing revelations, but it will draw attention to the fact, that deplorable ignorance and mental viciousness still exist up and down a country which abounds in schools and schoolmasters, and wherein books abound also. As to the kind of books hinds and milkmaids are expected to read, emanating from religious and philanthropic societies, the statement referred to will show. Some are above the comprehension of those who can merely read, others have no pith or substance in them to tempt any one to read. There are many bad "good books," and there are too many good "bad books"—goodness meaning here, marketable books, sought after as certain sausages are sought after, as being more highly spiced than others, though the chief ingredient may be of the flesh of other than a graminivorous animal. The suggestion thrown out by the writer in the "Times" is, that since the books bought of the hawkers are read, whilst those distributed gratuitously are cast aside or used for the commonest purposes, he should be supplied with books not merely wholesome in tone, but having sufficient mental stimulus in them. We do not share the writer's surprise that Butler's "Analogies" is bought and read by the Durham colliers. That part of the land has always been celebrated for its hardheadedness; and the pages of the "Gentleman's Almanac" will show that for nearly a century its principal mathematical contributors have belonged to the north of England. The statistics of the "Book-hawking Union" indicate the counties of England where the hawkers have been most successful with his literary wares, and may so far serve as an index to the desire for knowledge existing in different parts of the country.

Mechanics' institutes, many fear, have had their day, and certainly much effort has been required of late years to keep them alive. We have a nostrum of our own, which we believe would infuse more life into these institutions; but here at this moment we cannot enter into its specific nature. As auxiliaries to the school, as helps especially to adults in the pursuit of knowledge, they deserve every rational encouragement, and every attempt made to strengthen them should be received with favour. We observe that there has been a conference of the "Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutions" in the rising Northumberland seaport of Blyth, which is situated in the heart of the great Hartley steam coal-field. Sir Matthew White Ridley, one of the members for Northumberland, presided, and there was a large attendance of delegates from the mechanics' institutions of Northumberland and Durham. The financial condition of the Union is favourable. The delegates made interesting returns of the state of their society, the most gratifying aspect of which was the satisfactory progress of education in the pit districts, and among the manufacturing districts on the Tyne. It was determined to employ an agent during the next year, in organising the small outlying village

societies, and otherwise help them in extending their usefulness.

One of our educational establishments, as some call it—the National Gallery—has been closed, in order to make alterations in the building and preparations for the exhibition of the school of ancient masters. The works have commenced, and are progressing rapidly. The eastern wing is almost unroofed, and the circular room in the rear has disappeared. The exhibition will not re-open for six weeks or two months, it is expected. Meanwhile, the National Portrait Gallery is open gratuitously. Visitors to the Brompton Boilers, from the east of London, are often disappointed when they arrive there on a day when the admission fee is exacted.

We hear that a number of photographs have arrived in town, imported by the Ceylon from Japan, by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra. They are composed of scenes in Japan, and represent Japanese manners and customs. Taken on the spot and from the life, by the aid of the unerring camera, they must be highly interesting. In the way of art, there are now exhibiting in the gallery of Messrs. Agnew and Sons, Waterloo Place, a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. Henry Cook, an artist whose reputation, it is said, is not yet equal to his deserts, showing the principal sites of the war between Austria and the allied armies of France and Sardinia. The places selected are Montebello, Casteggio, Palestro, Magenta, Malignano, Solferino, and Cavriana, some of them scarcely favourable subjects to the painter, while some are remarkably picturesque, and all are interesting from their connection with the great events of last year. The whole series was painted for the King of Sardinia, and some of them have been repeated for the Emperor of the French, who likewise bespoke a view of Sermione, which, together with a drawing of Monte Rosa (the property of General Garibaldi), and a few miscellaneous landscapes, may be considered supplementary to the collection.

Mr. Tom Taylor, it runs in the theatrical world, takes the place of Mr. Oxford as dramatic critic to the "Times." What the theatrical world says besides, on this change, we do not care to repeat.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

CAMBRIDGE.

TERM began last Monday, October 1, and with it recommences my duty of running my eye over the surface of things here, and putting on record in the columns of the "Literary Gazette," the principal events that agitate academic minds. The reader scarcely needs to be told that it is not my province to meddle with controversy, or enter into any arguments or speculations. I have to record, rather than to discuss—to "post up" distant readers, so to speak, in what is being done in this University, rather than to attach or defend any particular theories or principles. And with these two or three words of preface, I resume the running commentary which was broken by the advent of the "Long."

For three months or more Cambridge has had a melancholy aspect. Everybody runs away in summer. It is part of a gowman's creed that he must "go out" in the Long; and as the world is all before him where to choose, every part of the world gets his patronage in turn. Since I last wrote in these pages, Cambridge men have been met in every likely and unlikely resort of mankind; and as "town" sees little use or profit in staying behind when "gown" is gone, but hurries off to Yarmouth or other sea-side paradises, it may be conceived that the streets here in their summer guise are not particularly lively. Many readers have seen Cambridge only in the midst of the bustle of Term. I wish I could put them down on King's Parade in an afternoon in September. The season of torpidity, however, is now over, and signs of approaching activity show themselves on every hand. Not that many men are "up" yet: you meet a stray cap and gown now and then, and a familiar face greets you here and there; but it will be a fortnight or three weeks before the academic machinery is fairly at work. That the University is still empty, was sufficiently manifest at Great St. Mary's on Sunday. Half-a-dozen dons in Golgotha, a dozen masters in the pit, and a representative undergraduate in the

galleries, listened to a plain practical sermon from Mr. Ellicott. In full term the church would have been crowded; for although Mr. Ellicott does not aspire to be a great preacher, his reputation for soundness and sincerity insures for him the respectful attention of good congregations. It may interest some to hear that he has recovered, so far as he ever will recover, from that frightful railway accident which befell him on the Eastern Counties line, on the 20th of last February. I say, so far as he ever will recover, for in all probability he will be lame for life, though not so much so as to make the use of crutches necessary. I am not so far in the secret as to be able to say whether the question of compensation has been settled, but I venture to think that no small sum will repay a man in Mr. Ellicott's position for what he lost and what he suffered through the negligence of the railway company's servants. They talk, I believe, about his receiving £1,000.

We have had an unusual occurrence this week. A proctor may be more or less unpopular; but one does not often hear of a gentleman being so unpopular that the senate rejects his nomination to that office. This is what happened on Monday. King's College nominated Mr. George Williams. Now Mr. Williams was pro-proctor two years ago, and whilst he was in office there arose that disagreeable disturbance touching the punishment of an undergraduate in the course of which the proctor came into collision with the vice-chancellor, and I may say with a large part of the University as well, taking a certain very stormy meeting in the Arts' School as an indication of feeling. I need not recall the details of that occurrence; it is enough to say that Mr. Williams resigned office in consequence of what passed in correspondence between him and the vice-chancellor (Dr. Bateson), and that the unbending position which he assumed was not calculated to conciliate foes. Probably not very popular before this, it is certain that he acquired additional unpopularity, which has just found expression in the almost unprecedented fact I have mentioned. The Senate decided by a majority of three votes, that Mr. George Williams shall not be proctor. Whether the voting would have had this result a few weeks later, I cannot undertake to say. The consequence is that we have only one proctor now, Mr. Basil Williams, of St. John's. The vacancy will be filled up on Friday by the election of one of two gentlemen to be nominated by the Council of the Senate. Mr. George Williams has been in Russia for some time, engaged in preparations for the Russian hostel, which it is proposed to establish here; he returned to Cambridge on Saturday, just in time for the uncomfortable affair of Monday. It is said that his friends attribute his defeat to a surprise, at a period when the University was comparatively empty, and a memorial to the Council was talked of, requesting that body to nominate again.

The examination for the Trinity Fellowship is going on. There are seven vacancies, and the election will be made known on the morning of Thursday next. I believe there are also five or six vacancies at St. John's, for the election in March next.

We are to have the Prince of Wales here as an undergraduate in January next. He will be a member of Trinity College. It is unfortunate that suitable accommodation could not be provided for his Royal Highness and his suite in the University. "Little Trinity," as it is called, that is, the new hostel built by Dr. Whewell, it was thought, might suit him, but whether it was not likely to be completed in time, or the rooms were not considered large enough, I do not know; the fact is, however, that he has taken Madingley Hall, the ancient seat of the Cotton family, a pretty spot enough, four miles from Trinity College. Will his Royal Highness be expected to attend chapel in the raw mornings of next spring?

ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—This line, when completed, will convey passengers the enormous distance of 1,200 miles without change of carriages. It is constructed with a six foot gauge, under the personal superintendence of Mr. Kennard, the English engineer, who has reduced the scale so much, that the railway will be completed at a cost of not more than \$37,000 per mile.

MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN.

The commencement of the winter musical season was very appropriately inaugurated at Covent Garden, on Monday last, October 1, with a remarkably fine performance of Mr. Vincent Wallace's "Lurline." During the musical season 1859-1860 in spite of the higher and more legitimate attractions of "Dinorah," the new opera of "Lurline" successfully maintained its ground from the first night of its performance to the close of the season; and even then it was only withdrawn to make way for the regular Italian Opera, invariably drawing a crowded house to the very last. Under these circumstances, we think that Miss Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison acted very wisely in again presenting it to the public; and the result has shown that their anticipations of its success were correct. Long before the doors were opened vast numbers had assembled at the various entrances; and before the commencement of the overture all parts of the house were filled; the pit, amphitheatre and galleries being crowded almost to suffocation. However seductive may be the pleasures of our old English field sports, the charms of an Alpine ramble, or even the excitement of a flying visit to Garibaldi, certain it is that none of those motives are found sufficiently attractive to allure away from the metropolis a vast portion of our citizens, who, whatever may be their social rank, are undoubtedly not without a claim to be enrolled amongst the members of an intellectual aristocracy—the upper ten thousand of taste and refinement.

Out of the seven principal characters of the opera, only three original representatives remain: Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. W. Harrison, and Mr. H. Corri. The part of Rhineberg, the River King, originally allotted to Mr. Santley, was on this occasion filled by Mr. H. Wharton, a native of Yorkshire, whose name is familiar to us in connection with the concerts of Leeds and Bradford. Mr. Wharton has a fine baritone voice, of a pleasing quality, but soft and melodious, rather than sonorous or effective; his intonation is faultless, and he has his voice completely under control: his general bearing is easy and graceful, but deficient in dramatic energy, though even in this respect he presents a favourable contrast to Mr. Santley, whose serene tranquillity on the supposed death of his mistress, in the third act of "Dinorah," verged closely on the ludicrous. Mr. Wharton was warmly applauded throughout, and in the elegant ballad at the end of the second act, "The nectar cup may yield delight," was most enthusiastically encored. His success, on the whole, considering that this was his first appearance on the stage, was most extraordinary; and we have no doubt that he will prove a most valuable acquisition to the Covent Garden company. Miss Leffler, also a novice on the stage, though well known to the London public as a singer of considerable ability, enacted the part of Ghiva, the Baron's daughter, with grace: her voice is a mezzo-soprano, with a compass from F under the line to A above it; her notes are clear, and well sustained, and, though delivered without any apparent effort, distinctly audible in all parts of the house. On this occasion Miss Leffler had a twofold claim upon the sympathy of the audience—as a *débütante*, and as the daughter of an old London favourite; but it was soon apparent that any indulgence on the part of the audience was wholly unnecessary, and that Miss Leffler was ready to stake her reputation on her own merits alone. The result was, that in the popular song, "Troubadour enchanting!" she was not only encored, but compelled to sing it a third time for the gratification of an admiring, though somewhat exacting, audience. In Mr. Kelly's representation of the Baron Trenfels, we miss the grotesque attitude and comic delivery with which Mr. Honey was accustomed to enliven his part; but the music was fairly and correctly sung; and, as but few opportunities present themselves for display in this character, Mr. Kelly was perhaps discreet in maintaining a staid and dignified demeanour, such as we might fancy most appropriate in a German baron. Miss Albertazzi also, as Liba, acquitted herself very creditably.

Miss Louisa Pyne, on her appearance in the character of Lurline, was most rapturously welcomed by the whole house; her voice is as clear and

musical, her vocalisation as easy and fluent, as ever. As a matter of course, an encore was demanded for the lively, though not very original, song, "Take this cup," in the second act. Mr. Harrison, who was also greeted with peculiar warmth as he made his appearance in the character of Rudolph, the dissipated young nobleman, acted his part with all his wonted energy and vivacity, and was encored in the celebrated "Home" ballad at the beginning of the third act. Mr. Corri, as Zeliack, deserves especial commendation for his forcible style of acting, and his thorough identification of himself with the character assigned to him; in this point he is far superior to the rest of the company.

At the conclusion of the first act, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, and, at the end of the third, Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Miss Leffler, Mr. Wharton, and Mr. Corri were summoned before the curtain. The proceedings terminated with the National Anthem, sung by the whole strength of the company, Miss Pyne undertaking the solo parts.

The instrumental part, more especially the brilliant orchestral prelude (for overture it is not), with its Oberonesque allegro, was superbly rendered. Under the able guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon, the orchestra bids fair to reach a very high state of efficiency. That the musical public are quite alive to the merits of this gentleman as a conductor, was evident from the prolonged applause with which he was greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra. That the musical profession are no less discerning, is also manifest from the fact that Mr. Mellon was unanimously elected the conductor of the London Musical Society—a society which, from the industry, zeal, and high musical powers of its members, is likely to exercise a most important influence on the musical future of the country.

In addition to the present repertoire, we are shortly to have a new opera by Balfe; and amongst other novelties, perhaps Gounod's sparkling opera of "Faust," and Herr Wagner's "Tannhauser." Now that the long-hoped for opportunities have arrived for our English composers to be heard, may we not hope for something from the pen of Henry Smart? We would gladly see all our great musical composers, Horsley, Smart, Balfe, Wallace, Macfarren, and Leslie, enter the lists in friendly rivalry, and show to all Europe of what great things musical England is capable.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The first of the three Italian concerts came off on Thursday afternoon, when the "Sabbat Mater" of Rossini was given, the solo parts being taken by Madlle. Titiens, Madame Lemaire, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Vialetti, respectively. A numerous and fashionable audience had assembled to welcome these favourite artists on their return to the metropolis. As far as these were concerned, they left in their performance nothing to be desired. Signor Giuglini sang the celebrated tenor song, "Cujus animam," with great spirit; the word *expression* would be wholly misplaced here, the discrepancy between the mournful sentiment of the words and the jubilant character of the music rendering it wholly impossible. In the duett for two sopranis, "Quis est homo," the two voices blended most harmoniously; the stronger voice of the two making no attempt, as is too often the case, to sing the weaker "down." Perhaps their most successful effort was in the unaccompanied quartet, "Quando corpus;" but even their united excellence failed to give the slightest semblance of sense or expression to this dull and unmeaning composition, where incessant chromatic transitions are substituted for melody, the only genuine musical phrase being that which is set to the words, "Paradisi gloria." Before the commencement of the cantata, the band played the overture to "Egmont;" the whole performance occupying about two hours. The band and chorus, such as it was, were under the direction of Mr. Benedict. There were no encores—the audience maintaining throughout the performance a certain degree of apathetic listlessness, from which even the energetic declaration of Madlle. Titiens failed to awaken them. And here, in the true interests of art, we must protest against a practice which has been gaining ground lately, and to which it would seem that Mr. Benedict is not unwilling to lend the sanction of his great name; we allude to the employment, in

considerable numbers, of unpaid, untaught, un disciplined amateurs in place of a small but efficient number of professionals. The disgraceful way in which the choruses were sung at the Crystal Palace last week is deserving of the most serious censure; to-day they were simply execrable. In the chorus "Eja mater, fons amoris," they positively broke down in the attempt to take the interval of a minor sixth, from A up to F sharp on the word "amoris." (Vocal score, Novello—p. 27); and numberless other blemishes might be pointed out, were we disposed so to do. We trust, however, that those to whom the selection of the chorus is entrusted will exercise the proper amount of caution, and so prevent the recurrence of these pitiful failures, which the audience generally seem to feel much more keenly than performers themselves. Two more concerts, one on Saturday, the other on the Tuesday following, complete the series of Italian concerts.

EASTERN OPERA HOUSE.

On Wednesday, September 19, was performed, by desire, Bellini's opera of "La Sonnambula," in English. The principal characters were sustained by the following persons:—Count Rodolpho, Mr. Edmund Rosenthal; Elvino, Mr. W. M. Parkinson; Alessio, Mr. Oliver Summers; Lisa, Miss Annie Lang; Amina, Madlle. Florence Lancia. The opera was conducted by Signor B. Isaacson and Signor Vero. The whole music was performed with no mean degree of talent; but we would especially notice the excellent tenor of Mr. W. M. Parkinson. There is a report that this gentleman has been engaged for the next season at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and we venture to prophesy that his excessively clear and powerful voice will excite no small *fièvre* in that house. Nor must we forget to mention Madlle. Florence Lancia, who sustained the part of Amina with considerable taste. This lady's voice may be improved by cultivation; a slight tremulousness is a defect which may easily be got over. This was particularly apparent in the well-known "Oh! do not mingle." The song of the chorus, "Here we'll rest," was in every respect admirable. The programme concluded with the musical entertainment of "No Song no Supper."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A performance of the "Messiah" took place last Wednesday evening, at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Dr. Wylde. Beyond the fact that it is the first of its kind during the present season, it calls for no special remark. At the eleventh hour Mr. Patey was called upon to supply the place of Mr. Thomas, who was unavoidably absent through indisposition.

THE DRAMA.

THE LYCEUM.

On Monday last this elegant place of amusement opened for the commencement of the winter season, under the management of Madame Celeste. The whole building has undergone a course of cleaning, painting, and decorating, and the *coup d'œil* of the *salle du théâtre* is pretty to a degree. Great changes for the better have been made in the grand entrance in Wellington Street, by which it is considerably enlarged, and rendered all that could be desired for convenience. We trust that the enterprising spirit of the fair *directrice* will not be unrewarded. We are really sorry we cannot congratulate her on the piece which she has got for her opening week—a new comic two act drama, by Mr. Tom Taylor, entitled "The Brigand and his Banker." About this piece there can scarcely be two opinions. It is undoubtedly one of the weakest of its author's productions. Apparently misled by the success of the "Overland Route," Mr. Tom Taylor has again employed the device of throwing plain and unromantic people into extraordinary and romantic circumstances. In this case not a shipwreck, but a capture of brigands, is the incident which is supposed to bring out the character of those whom it befel. Unfortunately there are no characters to develop, and, as a consequence, the whole piece hangs very heavily, in spite of good acting. Mrs. Keeley, as Miss Porcupine, is admirable, and brings down loud applause by her way of carrying the manners of Portland Place to Mount Parnes. Madame Celeste, as Photini, the daughter of the Greek brigand, is

very pleasing and effective. Mr. Rouse, as the funkey, is capital. Mr. H. Watkins, a comedian from America, though displaying considerable comic power, had scarcely a fair opportunity of making his *debut* in such a character as that allotted to him. We hope Madame Celeste will soon have a piece more adapted to bring out "the entire strength of the company." We must not conclude without a word of praise for the scenes, which are painted by Mr. W. Calcott. In fact, the general stage effect is beautiful. There is also introduced a new ballet of considerable originality, arranged by M. Massot.

ASTLEY'S.

Astley's Theatre continues to draw good attendance to witness "Mazeppa." This highly popular melodrama is shortly about to be changed, and therefore those who have not already seen it, or who desire to see it a second time, have no time to lose. We must especially notice the horsemanship of Madlle. De Berg, whose management of the horse, and composure whilst riding at a furious rate is wonderful. We may also mention La Petite Lucy, who is a perfect wonder of juvenile equestrianism.

HAMILTON'S DIORAMA.—On revisiting the Egyptian Hall, for the first time after the lamented loss of its old familiar tenant, with so many pleasant memories of his genial gossip still fresh in the imagination, we may at first sight perhaps feel disinclined for, or at any rate indifferent to, any new entertainment of so similar a description, provided by other hands. The room itself, once so quaint and pretty, with its many accompaniments of Swiss costume and scenery, and, subsequently, still quaint with the grotesquerie and oddities of Chinese life, is now stripped and bare of all its ornament; and had it not been for the graceful allusion made to its former master by Mr. Leicester Buckingham (who acts as cicerone and lecturer to the new diorama), we should almost have forgotten the many pleasant associations of Mont Blanc and China, which still haunt us. But to return to the diorama itself—on the whole we may pronounce it extremely good. The advertisement will perhaps give the best idea of its ambitious aim. It is there described as "An Excursion to the Continent and Back, en route to Italy, France, Austria, Prussia, Switzerland, and the Rhine"—as our readers will perceive, an extensive programme, and consequently one which does not admit of much tarrying by the way, the whole excursion being completed in the short space of two hours. To our minds, a diorama of one particular country or district, well and carefully painted, is perhaps of more real intellectual use than one which, like the present, from the vast extent of the ground travelled, must necessarily be of a very general character. If we were to particularise where so much is excellent, we should perhaps single out, as the best specimens of pictorial art, the views on the Rhine, some of which are exceedingly beautiful; also for forcible and accurate detail the statue of Frederick the Great at Berlin, and the bird's-eye view of Venice; the more startling effects, with the usual accompaniments of thunder and lightning, we do not so much admire, though, as is generally the case, Vesuvius in eruption, and other views of a similar character, elicited much applause from the hinder seats and gallery. The accompanying lecture, which, as we stated above, was delivered by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, despite an occasional straining after facetiousness, not wit (an apparent failing of the age), was generally much to the point.

FINE ARTS.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.—A new picture, which takes for its subject *The Presentation of Christ in the Temple*, is being exhibited, for a few days, at Messrs. H. J. Betjemann and Sons, 28, Oxford Street, and is the production of Mr. Robert Dowling, a young man who has spent the greater portion of his life in Australia. He is the son of a Nonconformist minister, and has been brought up to commercial pursuits, but, some few years since, evincing much talent in drawing from nature, soon became much courted as a painter of portraits, and acknowledged to be singularly

successful in that branch of art. Deeply impressed with a love of his chosen profession, he determined, about three years since, to return to London and commence a course of regular and diligent study. Carrying out this plan, he most assiduously devoted himself for three years to hard study here; and as the first specimen of his genius has essayed the most difficult branch of art, historical painting—a branch in which he has succeeded in presenting us with a very remarkable picture, choosing a Scriptural subject for his *debut*. The scene is one of the outer courts of the Temple, where, standing on the upper step, Simeon, with the infant Saviour asleep in his left arm, while with his eyes upraised, and his right hand elevated, is in the act of uttering the hymn known to us as the *Nunc Dimittis*. On the same step, but partly behind her husband, is the Blessed Virgin, with her hands clasped and her face betokening the various emotions which agitate her mind whilst the old man pours forth his remarkable words. Standing on the steps is Joseph, with the offering for the purification in his left hand, and at the foot Anna the prophetess. There are also grouped about, a lame beggar, whose crutches and contracted foot tell of his misery; a female with a skin bottle of water; a Nubian, and various others. On the opposite side are two females, supposed to be envious of the Blessed Virgin, and discontented at not being the recipients of such divine honour. Behind Joseph and Mary are the heads of a Pharisee and Sadducee, each, by his countenance betraying something of the teaching of his sect. This picture is especially remarkable as entirely ignoring the conventional modes of treating such subjects. The nimbus, for instance, that symbol which has been profusely adopted by Christian artists to denote the sanctity or holiness of the person represented, is absent. The nimbus was but sparingly used, even in representations of the Deity, during the first four centuries of our era. Another somewhat curious circumstance is that none of the faces decidedly exhibit what we usually designate a Jewish cast of countenance. But the painting is remarkable for more than either of these. Its grouping is excellent; its colouring vivid in the extreme, yet harmoniously blended; its light and shade effective; its draperies surpassed by any modern production we have seen; and the attitude of every figure natural in the extreme. Perhaps *Nunc Dimittis* would have been a more appropriate name. If Mr. Dowling can continue to invest his creations with so much originality, and convey so forcibly to the beholder's eye the events of the scene portrayed, he will become one of our best contemporary artists.

SCIENCE.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

Lord Brougham's speech on the evening of Monday, afforded sufficient for the lieges of Glasgow to digest for the rest of the day. The first section of the Social Science Association is that of "Jurisprudence and Amendment of the Law."

On Tuesday morning the Lord Advocate, as president, delivered an opening address before the whole of the Association, in which he made some comparisons between the law of England and the law of Scotland. The former was a work of gigantic power and efficacy, but, in theory, anomalous and contradictory. The latter presented, on the whole, a theoretical and philosophical unity. "A wholesale importation of the law of England among us would be a political and social revolution. The English law of tithes could hardly co-exist with the established form of religion. The English parish law would give us, what I hope not to see—an able bodied poor-rate. The English law of real property would upset the security of our land rights, and introduce a net-work of subtleties difficult enough to administer in the country of their birth, but utterly incapable of being transplanted here without unsettling the tenure of the whole landed property of the country." The Lord Advocate does not wish the adoption of the English system of coroner's inquests in Scotland, and preferred the private investigation. "For my own part, I believe that nowhere in Europe is crime more uniformly investigated, or more efficiently detected, than it is with us. Can any man doubt that inquiry which is not public is the best and most

efficient mode of detecting it? If you are to send a detective down to a remote county, to ascertain the truth as to some act that had been committed in private, you would hardly put an advertisement in the newspaper that you had done so, and you would scarcely tell him on his arrival at the market-cross to announce what he wanted. Quite the contrary, and there can be no doubt that the quiet investigation which goes on in the Crown Office, in Scotland, is infinitely better adapted to detect facts than the investigation which takes place before a coroner's inquest, which gives warning to the guilty, which throws suspicion on the innocent, and which for the most part, I believe, is not really conducive to the detection of the more secret and difficult crimes. But there is another object—another result, which our system accomplishes, which the coroner's inquest is greatly against—I mean the protection of the innocent." There is no doubt that the English system of coroners' inquests, assisted by the publicity of the press, inflicts much injury upon innocent parties, at times, without at all advancing the ends of justice. The Scottish system of privacy, on the other hand, suggests to the Englishman the probability of crime being "hushed up," or of a way of escape being opened for an influential person suspected or denounced. The machinery of the Scottish criminal law does not admit of any such suppositions.

On Wednesday Sir James Kay Shuttleworth delivered an address "On the Correlation of Moral and Physical Forces." He began by drawing attention to the address which he delivered last year at Bradford, in which he drew attention to the traces of a similarity of laws in the material history of the world, and in the growth of modern civilisation. The co-ordination of moral and material forces in the development of civilisation, he regards as no other thing than the reign of the supreme intelligence over the mixed moral and physical constitution of man. It was to this correlation of moral and physical forces in questions of social science, that he ventured to solicit attention. "The marvellous conjunction of the material with the purely vital had a close analogy to that commixture of the moral and physical in man and in society the laws of which it was the peculiar function of this association to explore. For example, pure economical science was concerned only with the accumulation and distribution of wealth. Yet such was the co-ordination of moral and physical forces in the constitution of society, that even economic logic, by severely excluding moral considerations, encountered the operation of higher laws than those regulating the accumulation of wealth—laws which demonstrate either that the sources of wealth lie deep in the moral nature of man, or that the result, wealth, may be purchased at a price ruinous to individual happiness and to the well-being of a state, because inconsistent with moral laws. Sir James proceeded to give an illustration of both these inferences. His first illustration referred to cheap labour, in which he showed that while the cheapness of slave-labour was diminished by various moral considerations, the labour of free men became more valuable in proportion to their willing acquiescence in the terms of the contract, to their intelligence and morality, and to their dexterity and inventive skill. The development of manufacturing industry had been as much promoted by the skill and inventive faculty of the free workman as by the master. The steam-engine was improved—almost invented, by a working instrument maker in this city—the spinning jenny was the creation of a handloom weaver—the 'water frame' and the circular carding machine, of a barber—the 'mule' of another handloom weaver—the 'self-acting mule,' of Richard Roberts, who had been a working mechanic—the modern railway and locomotive, of a colliery mechanic. English calico printing owed its power of competing with the French and Swiss chiefly to the discoveries of John Mercer, originally a handloom weaver, and then a self-taught chymist. These were the results of freedom, not of slavery; yet without some of these inventions probably England would have been unable to compete with Napoleon I., and Europe would for the last fifty years, possibly, have been groaning under one vast military despotism of the dynasty which sprung from the French Revolution, to destroy feudalism and erect itself on its ruins."

Sir James proceeds to show that labour is not cheap in proportion as men are profligate and willing to sell their services for sensual gratifications; but that labour is cheap in proportion to intelligence and skill. Wealth, he shows, may be purchased at too great a price, and instances the slave trade and the opium trade as affording examples of the reaction of an injurious traffic. Under this head, he instanced also our own laws with respect to the sale of beer and spirituous liquors, which we permit to be used in excesses destructive to health, property, and life. Passing on to another topic, he says:—"In the algebra of the science of wealth the relations of capital and labour were considered solely as a question of supply and demand. The moral element which led to combination was kept out of sight. The science simply denounced the interference of strikes. But they were a social war, in which men were contented to subsist on a fourth part of their ordinary wages for months. They disturbed the supply of labour, and might disperse it. The influence of affable manners, attention to the comforts and well-being of workmen, perfect justice in all transactions, or still more of generosity, in attaching men to the interests of their masters, were, among many other moral forces, interfering with those which are purely economic. In like manner, experience operated so powerfully that the sons of men who destroyed newly-invented machines would now eagerly protect any mechanical improvement. The sense of social and personal right was growing so fast that the picketing of mills was at an end; personal intimidation was assuming milder forms, though it still resorted to the flagitious weapons of slander and libel. The power even of the most skilfully-organised combinations of capital was met by the combinations of labour. But trades' unions could not be permitted to usurp the direction of capital. That would be as fatal to commerce as an eruption of the central fires, or the destruction of credit by the occupation of London by a foreign force. Nor could capital in a free country be permitted to dominate by prolonging the ignorance and sensuality of the workmen. Neither the domination of capital nor of the trades' unions was compatible with social freedom, or with commercial prosperity." Sir James next dwells on the marked influence of civil and religious freedom on the growth of our economic prosperity. He argues for popular education, and urges that it is impossible to diminish effectually pauperism and crime without employing moral as well as economical or repressive forces for their extirpation. He proceeds to consider the influence of education. "The first question which next arose was whether education ought, in all cases, to be regarded as a sacred function of the parent, with which none were to interfere? In individual liberty was so important an element in social freedom, that we, who, as a nation, preferred, before every other benefit of civilisation, to be free, had the utmost jealousy of the invasion of that power of separate action, which, especially when it affected liberty of thought or speech, or obedience to conscience, became with us a passion. To protect the child from parental neglect had with us, therefore, been subordinated to the personal freedom of the parent. He believed that the experience of the workmen in those trades in which the hours of labour of women and children had been limited, and the children from the age of eight to that of 13 had been required to be sent to school, had not only inspired the operatives with a conviction of the salutary operation of the law, but had even led the large masses of people working in them to regard, in a greater degree than heretofore, the legislative and the executive Government as a protective power, exercising wise and beneficent vigilance over their well-being." The Government, he says, have wisely determined to preserve the religious constitution of our schools. Wherever the religious minority could found and maintain a school, it could, with aid from the Committee of Council on Education, provide for the education of the children of all parents connected with its congregation. We are now expending in Great Britain at least two millions annually on the support of elementary schools. "The annual local cost for each elementary day scholar in an efficient school in Great Britain, in 1859, was £1 7s. 1½d., or at the rate of 6½d. per week, for forty-eight weeks in the year, for 748,164 scholars, who, on the aver-

age, were in the inspected and aided schools. Of this the parents paid weekly rather more than 13d. The whole income of the inspected schools aided by Government in the year ending December 31, 1859, was £1,014,682. In the schools which derived no aid from Government, the proportion of the school pence to the subscriptions probably exceeded those of the elementary schools inspected and aided. If the estimate were correct, the Government paid £413,673 annually, the middle class and upper classes, by subscriptions and endowments, £841,614, and the working classes £759,394, towards the local support of elementary day and evening schools. When £1,601,008 was annually derived from subscriptions, endowments, and school pence, and of this sum £759,394 was paid directly from earnings of working men towards the support of schools, any Government which should, in a spirit of short-sighted economy, determine to stint the application of the public revenues to education, must be indifferent to its highest obligations. We might estimate the population of Great Britain at 22,000,000, and adopt the prudent calculation that one in eight ought to be at school, either for full time or for half time, till the age of thirteen. If from this eighth we deducted 50,000 pauper children educated in workhouses, and a fourth part as belonging to those classes of society capable and willing to provide for the education of their own children, the smallest number of children for whom we would have to secure an efficient elementary education exceeded 2,000,000. A meagre estimate for educating this number would raise the minimum annual outlay to above £3,000,000. We thus required at least £1,000,000 per annum more than that which was now estimated to be expended on public elementary education." The speaker makes, next, various observations respecting Mechanics' Institutions and Working Men's Colleges, their advantages and their results. The night school for youth from 13 to 18, and the mechanics' institution, he regards as institutions indispensable to the completion of the education of the people. His conviction is that the night schools cannot flourish without the aid of older teachers than those yet available by the minutes of the Council of Education. These objects could not be fulfilled without a further outlay upon them, and on the night schools of mechanics' institutions. "As mechanics' institutions had their origin in Scotland, as the night schools and mechanics' institutions required to complete the training of our youth to manhood, together with their organisation in unions for itinerant instruction, for annual examinations, for libraries, and systems of lectures, on plans corresponding with those which were thoroughly successful in the north of England, they ought to form one of the most prominent objects of future exertions. In Scotland the teachers of the parochial schools had prepared all classes for the universities. They were themselves educated therein, and, as frequent aspirants for preferment in the Church, they were acquainted with the classics. In England the elementary school provided only for those scholars who did not seek any classical learning. Except the humblest part of the agricultural and urban trading classes, none but the sons of men supported by manual labour were educated in elementary schools in England, whereas in Scotland it had been the custom, in many respects salutary, that the sons of the hind, the tenant farmer, and the laird, should receive the rudiments of education on the same benches." We have not space to follow Sir James through a valuable address on the ways and means of education, and existing encouragements and discouragements. "Public opinion," he says, "has become impatient of the apathy of certain semi-barbarous districts, in which neither endowments, nor a sense of parental obligations, nor the zeal of resident proprietors, employers of labour, or religious communions, provide for the education of a debased city population, steeped in poverty and crime, or for a hamlet or parish ignorant, superstitious, and sensual." Further, he can "well conceive town councils refusing rates for free libraries or for schools, though earnestly solicited by all the religious communions of the town. His conviction is, that if a permissive rate in aid could obtain the sanction of the Legislature, of which, however, he has no expectation, it would at present be barren of any general benefit, because it would be refused by

the majority of the town councils." The apathy of parents causes at present the inspected and aided schools, capable of holding 900,000 scholars, to be attended by only 748,000, but this would give way to one or two generations of patient training in day and night schools, to the influence of the press, of literature, and of religion. Sir James concluded by saying—"No dominion could last which was not in harmony with those primeval moral forces which operated by religion and mind, by faith and knowledge, by intelligence and virtue, on the happiness of men and the strength of states. These were the forces which must rule. They had an irresistible power. They subordinated all the physical forces to do their work. They penetrated alike the influence of race and civilisation, of traditional customs and ancient institutions; they transformed the most hostile combinations; they entered the conscience of the individual man, and made him a new being. In like manner could they enter the corpse-like structure of a death-stricken nation, and make it a regenerate people. For this we had the assurance of Christ—'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.'"

Sir James Kay Shuttleworth having finished his able address, resumed his seat, when Lord Brougham rose and said:—"It is now many years—I won't say how many—since I took occasion in the House of Commons to make a declaration which has been much remembered and much cited since—that the schoolmaster was abroad. The phrase, I have said, has been remembered and cited; and why? Because it was the expression of a fact, and a very important fact at that time and since. And I said, that the schoolmaster being abroad, I had no fear of another person who had been said to be abroad in these times—I mean the soldier. I think that with the schoolmaster, with his primer in his hand, I would meet, for the benefit of society, the soldier with his sword. But I will now add another declaration—a phrase also embodying a fact, and an important fact; but I fear not of so hopeful a nature as the other. If the schoolmaster is abroad, the workmaster is also abroad, and he counteracts the schoolmaster, which I have no fear of the soldier doing. And I would entreat the attention of our friend Sir James Kay Shuttleworth and his department to this great problem, to solve if they can this problem, and if they cannot give a solution to it, to give an approximation as to how the effects produced by the workmaster in impeding the schoolmaster can best be removed, and how the children's parents can be weaned from the inclination to keep their children from school, in order to gain a little by their labours."

On the evening of the same day (Wednesday) there was a meeting of working men in the City Hall, which was addressed by Lord Brougham, by M. Desmaret, and M. Garnier Pages, from France, by Sir John Pakington, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, and several working men. Here again Brougham was in his element, and claimed for himself the title of a working man. "I began work more than sixty years ago, and from that hour to this I have constantly been, like yourselves, a working man; and to be a working man will I continue as long as Providence blesses me with health of body and strength of mind to continue my avocations. And I claim no merit for this; I like it. It has become my second nature. It has become my habit. I cannot possibly lay it aside; I do not see why I should lay it aside; if I see any reason—if I see that the public would be better served by my laying it aside, then I would lay it aside and take the ease which I had earned, or thought I had earned. But till I find that I can work no longer, or that there is any good reason why I should work no longer, work I shall, and work I will, as long as work I can."

On Thursday the general body was addressed by the Hon. A. Kinnaird, president of the third section, on "Punishment and Reformation." He observed that in the instance of man's first crime, the punishment had reference to the object of reformation. The manner of punishment might be advantageously varied, so as best to secure a wholesome effect on society at large. Anciently, cruelty and revenge seemed to be the only motives of punishment; this state of things was succeeded by one of indifference and neglect; only of late years has the reformation

of the offender been recognised as the main object of punishment. We are still behind, however, in preventing crime, and removing or lessening its predisposing causes, chiefly because we had not yet agreed as to what were these predisposing causes. He (the Hon. A. Kinnaird) recommends the adoption of Mr. Forbes Mackenzie's Act for England, to remove the temptation of gin-shops, and the better observance of the Sabbath-day as a preventative of crime. He complains that the parochial schools of Scotland do not adequately supply the wants of our labouring classes and poor. They give a fair amount of literary education, but they fail in industrial training. Home influence has much to do in checking crime; boys and girls should, then, be prepared for home life. Girls should be taught to manage a house or to keep a room clean and tidy, and to make the most of means. He fears that the Council on Education is not altogether free from blame in giving a wrong direction to the studies of the youth of our land. "The Committee of Council never meant to unfit them for service or for the performance of their home duties, but they have done so practically by giving them such a superficial amount of instruction in advanced subjects as brings with it the pride, not the humility, of knowledge, and fosters tastes incompatible with their position in life. From this source springs much crime. The restless striving after other positions, other enjoyments, finer dress than that to which they are legitimately entitled as the daughters of working men, who save to work for their own livelihood, leads directly to it. Our boys, too, why should they not learn some of the industrial arts while at school? Not that the trades are to be taught in the school instead of the workshop. But why should not every boy know enough of tailoring, of shoemaking, of carpentering, and other arts, to enable him, when a man and the father of a family, to make his children's shoes, although he may be a painter by trade; to make the easy chair for his wife, even if he work during the day as a stonemason; or to make or mend his own coat, although his ordinary calling may be that of a garden labourer or a porter? Do you not see that training like this would create a taste for home occupations, and the father of a family being employed in his own house at once throws the greatest safeguard round him and his family?"

On Friday morning a lengthy paper was read by Sir J. Emerson Tennent on "Social Economy," he being president of that department; but it presents no salient features which we can conveniently import into our columns. Various papers were also read in the different sections, all of more or less value, but not of that general interest which requires special notice. On Friday evening a banquet in the City Hall wound up the proceedings. What passed on the occasion is scarcely within our province. We cannot help observing, however, that Lord Brougham, on returning thanks for the toast to his health, proposed by Sir John Pakington, when the worthy Baronet assigned to his Lordship the honour of having founded the Association of Social Science, repudiated the compliment, and declared that all the honour was due to the secretary of the association, Mr. Hastings. One paragraph more we must add to record the names of shining lights that could not venture to shed their rays from the platform or rostrum. Women's employment occupied a large share of attention, the report of the Female Employment Society being read by Miss Hayes; a paper entitled, "A Year's Experience of Woman's Work," by Miss Bessie Parkes; and one on printing as an employment for woman, by Miss Faithful, of the Victoria Press. Miss Twining read a paper by Miss Cobbe, on destitute incurables in workhouses.

EXHAUSTION OF ARABLE LAND.

The "Revue Contemporaine" publishes a very curious article, by Baron Ernouf, entitled "De l'appauvrissement du Sol et des Moyens d'y remédier." It is true that, owing to the gradual increase of population, the surface of the earth is destined, in the course of ages, to refuse its aliment to the human race, and that a day will come when the sun shall shine on an unpeopled and desert globe? Such is the question asked by the author of the article—a question started by many eminent men since the commencement of the present century. It is a positive fact that, in consequence of the populous state of many countries,

which during the middle ages were but feebly peopled, it has become impossible to leave a large quantity of land alternately fallow for a certain time, until the soil has regained the phosphorus which, under different forms, it has yielded to the grain so necessary to the sustenance of man. It is equally true that the manure spread over the fields is insufficient to renew the supply of phosphorus; and that countries, like Mesopotamia, for instance, which in the olden time were remarkable for their fertility, have since been transformed into deserts. Nor can it be denied that, in taking food, we absorb an enormous quantity of the fertilising element, phosphorus, in order to build up and repair our osseous system, which is almost exclusively composed of phosphate of lime. Did we, on quitting this sublimity abode, restore to the earth what we received from it, the loss to the community would be comparatively small, but this is what we do not; our dead are inclosed within stone vaults or impenetrable coffins, and thus, out of filial piety, or respect for the dead in general, we are induced to withhold from our mother Earth that very nutriment which she is so much in want of to feed us, while we multiply in nearly a geometrical ratio, and go on drawing upon her resources until she must be reduced in the end to a state of hopeless barrenness. And what is then to become of the human race? Shall it have to live upon fish, or will anthropophagy be its last resort? To these dismal presentiments, the accomplishment of which, in our selfishness, we may comfortably view from the convenient distance of many centuries, Baron Ernouf replies by pointing out that, from the moment chemists discovered that the great agent of fertilisation is phosphorus under various forms, the problem may be considered in a great measure solved, since it is reduced to the simple condition of providing that great agent. Among the chief remedies against any deficiency in the natural supply, there are the importation of guano and the application of mineral phosphates to agricultural purposes, and, before these fail, other sources will undoubtedly be discovered by science. To these reflections of our author we may add, that increase of population is invariably regulated by the means of existence, and that, whenever there is any danger of an excess of the former, nature applies a corrective in the form of some pestilence or other great calamity; even when men themselves do not, following their instincts, either destroy each other in battle, or drain off the surplus by emigration. These, history itself shows, are quite as natural checks (though apparently of a political nature) as those alluded to, which are independent of our will.

THE LONDON MEDICAL SCHOOLS.—The medical schools connected with the principal metropolitan hospitals commenced their educational session on Monday last. An introductory lecture was delivered at each school. At St. George's Hospital Dr. Pittman delivered an inaugural address to the new students. In mentioning various prizes and exhibitions afforded to students in this hospital, he paid a graceful compliment to Sir Benjamin Brodie, who offers annually a prize for clinical surgery. The introductory lecture at King's College was eloquent and appropriate, and afforded Dr. Johnson, who delivered it, an opportunity of making a well-deserved eulogium on the character of the late Dr. Todd. His exordium to the students was marked and impressive, and the whole lecture seemed to give general satisfaction. At University College Hospital the practice of delivering an introductory lecture has been discontinued. The session was opened on Monday by a distribution of prizes to the successful competitors of the previous terms. At St. Thomas's Hospital Mr. Grainger, F.R.S., addressed a large audience, remarking that though these annual *réunions* were sometimes regarded as mere matters of custom, they were by no means valueless. The inaugural address at the Middlesex Hospital was delivered by Mr. Charles Coote, late Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford. At the Charing Cross Hospital Dr. Chowne delivered a very able lecture, which was warmly applauded by his audience; and, at the Westminster Hospital, Mr. Rowe gave some sound advice to the students. We regret to hear that this excellent and distinguished anatomist is compelled to resign his professorship at the St. Thomas's School of Medicine, in consequence of

failing health. The address of Dr. Wilks, at Guy's Hospital, was of a general character. His principal aim appeared to be to attack those members of the profession who treat particular diseases. At St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, the introductory lecture was given in the evening by Dr. Tyler Smith, after which a *conversazione* took place in the Museum and other rooms connected with this recently formed, but important, School of Medicine and Surgery.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, October 3.

The alarm and anxiety of which I spoke in my last are on the increase throughout France, for the engagement of Castelfidardo and the siege of Ancona have placed whole provinces in mourning. Besides this, most sinister reports are in circulation: it is confidently asserted that before starting for the Marches, Lamoricière received positive assurances from the French authorities in Rome that his small troop was to be matched against the Garibaldians only, and that, moreover, twenty thousand Frenchmen were being sent to his support! Without, therefore, any too culpable foolhardiness, he at once led his volunteers, by forced marches, on the road to Ancona, whilst it is now affirmed that Louis Napoleon had agreed with Cialdini that the army of forty-five thousand Piedmontese should be concentrated so as to crush the Franco-Belgian battalions. This is beginning to be credited all over France, and among people of every different shade of opinion; and certainly there would be nothing very extraordinary in such conduct on the part of the man who, during the *comp d'état*—(seeing that a *rou* must be got up at all costs)—said, "Fire on the bystanders in the streets!" (*Tirez sur les passants*). It is quite certain that at Spoleto, so entire was Lamoricière's belief in the "twenty-thousand men," that he posted up placards announcing the fact to his followers. He then divided his battalions, and sent on about four thousand one way, taking with him five thousand. These five thousand were the men who encountered the forty-five thousand Piedmontese, by, it is supposed, Louis Napoleon's express desire. It is quite evident that it was of the utmost importance to him to have Lamoricière's troops annihilated, for the French volunteers amongst them (by far the larger part,) were the very "pick and choice" of France, the flower of French chivalry, and belonged to families that are certainly anything but Bonapartist. There was in that little army a nucleus of military opposition for the future, that the Emperor must have felt to be a terrible thorn in his side.

The incident is, nevertheless, a very dangerous one for the Emperor, for it drives still more and more against him the upper and middle classes in the country, and forces him to lean entirely for support upon the lowest rabble—upon the revolutionary masses.

I should not have thought the majority of the public would have taken the intense and angry interest it has done in all this; for, though France is far more Catholic than foreigners may think, still she is not pre-eminently a pious country or a pro-Papal one. But it is not any feeling of piety in this instance that produces the general anger and distrust; it is the belief that an enormous act of treachery has been committed, and the reflection that the most illustrious blood of France has flowed like water. Add to this, too, that the army has an ineradicable love and pride for the "African" Lamoricière; and is bitterly dissatisfied at having to come to the conclusion that he has been betrayed and sacrificed. As to the heads of the French army—such men as Pelissier, Vaillant, McMahon, and others—there is but one voice among them. They do not disguise their absolute fury; and they would give more than you would believe to have the cutting to atoms of either Piedmontese or Garibaldians, between whom you would be surprised to hear how very little difference they make.

This bitter hatred of the French soldier of all grades for the Italian of every sect and denomination is one of the facts I do not think you are sufficiently aware of in England; and it is well you should be better informed of the *real* truth upon this, as upon

all other points. For the ninety-nine hundredths of the French army—officers and men—all the Italians are mere revolutionists, who ought to be "put down," and "kept down;" and for not proceeding to the extreme lengths against them at once, the Emperor is violently abused, and the idea is perfectly admitted that he lives in fear and trembling of the *Carbonari* and their daggers. I repeat it, it is to be desired that the English public should be under no illusions about anything that passes in France, but know what is the real truth. There is no use in our wishing that a Romish community should feel as a Protestant one would upon this or that occasion. We must take men and things as they are, and not as we might desire that they should be. Unless we do this, we may expose ourselves to deceptions of all kinds.

In one of my late letters I hinted that the ensuing winter would probably be a still gloomier one than the last; and these late events, and those still pending, are likely to confirm my forebodings. Half the best families of France are now put into mourning; and from many provinces, for instance, there will be no tendency at all shown to migrate to the capital, whilst amongst the indwellers of the capital it will be thought the "right thing" to participate in no gaiety whilst something very like civil war is being carried on.

I have more than once directed your attention towards the mistaken morality of the modern Paris stage. A piece full of talent that has just been performed with great success seems to me to afford fresh support to all I have been in the habit of advancing. It is entitled "*Les Mères Repenties*," which title is in itself a most singular assumption. The "social evil," when it evinces any desire for reform, is called here "*Les Filles Repenties*;" but in the case I am alluding to the parallel does not hold good, for it is not as a "mother" that the heroine of the play sins, but long before she dreamt of being a mother at all. The piece is, I again say, full of talent, well written, and intended to be a moral piece; but this is precisely what shows how mistaken the whole morality of France is. Here are five acts of intrigue and plot and dramatic interest, built up upon the notion that a woman who has, by no matter what circumstance, once sinned, and been above all exposed to the contact of bad, low, social influences, can never redeem herself. She is made to suffer not for anything she has done since her transposition into better and healthier regions—for she has since then done no wrong—but for the fact of having been ill-born, worse educated, and not strong against temptation; it is the fact of her being an "intruder into good society" for which she is made to pay, not for any bad example she affords that said "good society," and when at last all is discovered, and her innocent young daughter becomes the wife of a gentleman of name, rank, and fortune, intense compassion is requested for the personage who thus heroically consents to espouse a girl "without lineage," with whom he is seriously in love, and who is in every way individually deserving of his affection. Here is the misapprehension, the moral mistake, and it is in such ways as these that the French mind, in our day, betrays its false tendencies, its warps.

To be sure, they are a singular race, these Gauls. Dickens says donkeys and postboys don't die as other creatures do; but the French don't live as other nations do. Whether it is that something in their physical constitution is unsound, and influences the brain, or that their education is a mischievous one, or that the quick succession of their political catastrophes has made all mental equilibrium impossible, it would be hard to say; but that they resemble no other race in Europe is undeniable, and most of all are they unlike all others in the absence of the freshness and innocence of childhood. French people come into the world as precocious men and women, and you can hardly ever open a French newspaper without finding some example of the utter deficiency of youth in beings whose mere years denote scarce more than babyhood. A Rouen journal of the day before yesterday has a frightful instance of this kind. It is as follows:—A father and mother, living a few miles out of Rouen, had one only child, a boy of ten years of age, described as a remarkably gentle, docile, studious child, approved of by his masters, and much

spoilt by his parents. A very short time ago M. and Madame V. had been obliged to absent themselves for a day from home. When they returned, their son did not as usual come hastening to meet them. They searched for him everywhere vainly, and at last found him in an outhouse, dead. He had hung himself! This child ten years old! and to this hour no one appears to have the slightest idea of what could have driven him to the commission of so desperate an act. Nor is this all. During the funeral service, one of the boy's playmates, Felix D., was observed to be more overwhelmed by grief than the rest; the next day Felix D., who was eleven years old, had followed his friend's example, and had hung himself. It is by no means the first time that the suicide of children so young has to be chronicled in this country. But what does it denote, if not a radically insane, i.e., unhealthy condition, of body and mind? In beings who have as yet borne none of the loads of existence, who are ignorant of the disappointments life's experience brings with it, there is only the physical constitution to be taken into account, only the physical want of equilibrium to be noted. In the suicide of children of ten and eleven, who are not trying to escape from any ill-treatment, there is, above all, to be recognised a degeneracy of race. It is more the weakness of the parents, their want of healthy energy and moral force, that are proved by this, than anything else. In the utter absence of childhood in children of so tender an age, it is the faults of the preceding generation that stare us in the face. In such facts as these, as in unfortunately numberless others, there is to be traced the deleterious influence of unnatural doctrines that have in turn sapped every vital principle in the race. Three quarters of a century have now gone by, and other countries may take a lesson, and see what it is to cast aside every principle, every faith, every sign of honesty. All strength is one; you cannot trample on one force and preserve, in the long run, any of the others.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

Books are the best gossip. But some books resemble the inopportune acquaintance, who detains you by the button until he has inflicted upon you a round of unmitigated twaddle. Civility compels one to be an unwilling listener, the while a small malediction is ready to leap to the tongue, or at any rate the wish is present that the twaddler were along with the wheels of Pharaoh's chariots—for the moment, at least. Such books it is our fate to meet with occasionally. They present themselves with such insinuating titles, or have such a respectable exterior, that it is impossible to give them the cut direct; and they detain us at the counter till the fidgets tempt us to evilly entreat their vendors almost. To mention many such books, would be to inflict our own punishment upon the reader—to retaliate upon an offending public. Just one, however, we may mention, to guard the public against wasting their time over—the work of a lady. This may appear ungallant, but it was the woman who tempted us to read. She is Madame Maria de Fos, who in a small book preaches in favour of the religion of the future based upon *spiritism*. The new faith has magnetism for its high priest, and conversions are to be made by mesmeric passes. "God is Love" ("Dieu c'est l'amour"), such is the title of her book; and the glorious text is disfigured by the crazy crotchets of the priestess. Let us on to books of better quality, among which we reckon "*The Tribulations and Posthumous Metamorphoses of Master Fabricius, Painter, of Liege*," (a) by M. Charles Rabou. This is a charming book, full of humour and sound sense. It holds a kind of middle place between the ordinary and the philosophic novel. The title may have a frivolous appearance, but the style is sedate without being dry, and the writer teaches without letting us feel that he is our teacher. M. Rabou was deemed worthy of being entrusted to finish certain of Balzac's novels; but he proves here that he is capable of becoming an author on his own account, and we are promised shortly a whole series of novels from his pen.

(a) *Les Tribulations et les Métamorphoses Posthumes de Maître Fabricius, Peintre, de Liège*. Par M. Ch. Rabou. (London: Barthes & Co.)

M. Violet le Duc, skilful at once with pen and pencil, has just published an octavo volume, illustrated with his own engravings, entitled "*Lettres sur la Sicile*," wherein he describes this beautiful and unfortunate island; and introduces us to the Sicilians and their manners. Schamyl is in captivity, and, as a captive, had the other day to stand the fire of the inquisitive eyes of Russian ladies at Moscow. He did not quail, we are told, before the terrible ordeal; but we do not hear that it has suggested to him the necessity of writing a book and describing the rudeness of the gaiours. Perhaps Alexandre Dumas will write one for him, if it is not already in his programme. On the other hand, a curious and stirring little book has appeared, edited by Edward Merlieux, relating the captivity of a Frenchwoman in the land of Schamyl, the captive of the chief himself. (b)

M. Louis Ratisbonne, contributor for a long time to the columns of the "*Journal des Débats*," has published in two volumes his contributions to that journal, under the title of "*Impressions Littéraires*." The author, not long since, received the prize of the French Academy for his translation of Dante's "*Divine Comedy*." In the present volumes he shows himself an able master of prose, and touches a variety of subjects—poetry and the poets, love and women, philosophy and history, fancy and spirit, ancient authors and modern authors, bull fights and lion hunts, the serious and the profane, and all with an able and graceful pen. His articles on Alfred de Musset, who now reposes in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise; on the poet Briseux, who sleeps beneath his favourite beeches in Brittany; on Manin, the noble and evermore-to-be-regretted representative of the Italian country; on Ary Scheffer, the painter of Francesca di Rimini, will be read with intense pleasure, even by those who have read them before. He has further published "*Morts et Vivans: Nouvelles Impressions Littéraires*," (c) in which he appreciates M. de Sacy with delicacy and sympathy; and touches Jules Janin with a fine and brilliant pen. Daniel Stern and his "*Esquisses Morales*" have their chapter, a third edition of which, by-the-by, has just appeared. The writers in the "*Journal des Débats*" have, naturally enough, a place in these volumes; among others, George Sand, whose novel, "*François le Champi*," appeared in it for the first time before the revolution of 1848. "*La Mare-au-Diable*," and "*La Petite Fadette*," are treated by M. Ratisbonne in a manner which, not concealing their defects as novels, signalises their beauties. "*Le Roi Voltaire*," by M. Arsène Houssaye, is pricked with the tender hand of a friend, but he cannot help sometimes coming out with such phrases as these:—"Madame Denis, an old watch from the Ferney manufactory, which no longer marks the hour of love," and "the Pope himself read Voltaire, hidden by the fan of the Alps." We must hasten on, however, to other subjects. To those who pretend to find the character of a nation in its popular songs and ballads, we would mention the "*Popular Songs of Modern Greece*," by the Count de Marcellus. (d) Unfortunately, these are but translations, and French translations of foreign poetry have rarely much to recommend them, either as to fidelity or as conveying the spirit of the original. Such as they are, the reader may follow, in chronological order nearly, the hopes and progress of the Hellenes from the day of bondage to the first hour of their independence. Nearly all the songs are short, expressive, and have a strange original turn. Translations of translations are rarely worth much, and therefore we shall be sparing in inflicting more than one or two upon the reader. A little song, "*Love Discovered*," runs—"Ah! young maiden, when we embraced it was night; who saw us?" "The night saw us, and the dawn, the moon, and the star. And the star stooped down and told it to the sea, and the sea to the ear, and the ear to the sailor. And the sailor sings it at the door of his beauty." Another is entitled—"The Reader in the Archbishop's House." And what of the Reader? "A young girl is at the window, and the Reader in

(b) *Souvenirs d'une Française Captive de Schamyl*. Par Ed. Merlieux. (London: Barthes & Co.)

(c) *Morts et Vivans*, &c. Par M. Louis Ratisbonne. (London: Barthes & Co.)

(d) *Chants Populaires de la Grèce Moderne, réunis, Classés et Traduits*. Par M. le Comte de Marcellus. (London: Nutt.)

his cell. He throws at her her morsels of sugar, which reach her bosom. "Hold, sage Reader, the neighbours might see thee; they might tell the Archbishop, who would cut thy hair." "If he should cut my hair I shall have to wear a layman's bonnet, and then the girl that I love, her I shall wed." Here is another conceit:—"Why am I now a swallow? I should enter into thy chamber, and upon thy pillow I should make my nest. I shall become a swallow, to settle on thy neck, and to kiss the sign that thou hast in thy face. No; dark eyes are not made to sleep at daybreak, but to be awake and caressed." The translator adds to his collection a variety of proverbs and adages, such as—"There are three scourges in the world—fire, women, and water;" "The master's eye fattens the horse;" "To the happy man even his cock lays eggs." From Greeks to Jews the transition, if not natural, is easy enough. In a recent number we drew attention to a work by M. Daniel Stauben (the pseudonym of M. Auguste Vidal), on Jewish life in Alsace. This author has again appeared with two translations of works written by his co-religionist, Leopold Kompert, one called, "Scènes du Ghetto," and the other, "Les Juifs de la Bohême (c)." M. Kompert, we should infer from his books, was once a child of the Ghetto, and breathed the impure air of the narrow and dingy quarters which the Austrian government, following the example of that of Rome, sets apart for thousands of Germans, for the sole fault of being born into the religion of their fathers. He now resides in Vienna, and occupies a distinguished rank among contemporaneous publicists. But none know better than M. Kompert the habits, the chronicles, the legends, the miseries, the joys, the passions, the acts and deeds, of the inhabitants of the Ghetto, all of which he describes, in the happiest style, in the two volumes above mentioned. If a Jew, he has a German laugh, hearty and good-natured. For example, he asks in the "Scènes," what is a *Schlemiel*? and defines him in this way:—"A man, has he clumsy awkward manners, they say in the Ghetto he is a *Schlemiel*. The *Schlemiel* always lets his bread and butter fall on the buttered side. If others seize the occasion by the head, he barely seizes it by the heel, and then lets it escape. He has ill luck in everything. All his life through he gets up on the left foot. Put gold into the hands of a *Schlemiel*, the people of the Ghetto assure you that he will change it into copper; give him copper, and he will metamorphose it into lead; let us add that with this lead he could not cast a ball good enough to blow his brains out. You see by this how miserable it is to be born a *Schlemiel*. More, it is a true *fatum*." Such volumes as those of M. Kompert, so naive, so tender, so true to the life, must find many readers.

Returning to the poets, it is proper to make mention of "Les Litanies de la Vierge," the joint production of MM. Auguste and Léon Le Pas. Open this volume, read and enjoy it without fear. It is an illuminated book of "Hours," and the coloured lights streaming from the Gothic windows of a cathedral where apostles and saints look down upon worshippers. It is poetry which rejects sectarianism, and faith which awakes an echo in every Christian bosom. It lends a charm to the legends of what are termed the good old times, without aiming at proselytism. The "Poor Priest," the "Gates of Heaven," and other of the pieces, as "Guy the Minstrel," and the "Sire de Champfleury," can awake none other but good and holy thoughts. The poets let us feel, as they say in their commencement, a thirst for holy things:—

"Sous l'air étouffant qui nous brûle
En ce siècle matériel,
Par moments le plus incrédule
Sant la soif des choses du ciel."

The history of the Sire de Champfleury, who sells the soul of his wife to the devil to recover the luxury he has lost, is related with much charm and art. The moral is directed against spendthrifts and prevaricators. This story is the most important in the volume, and the one which conveys the best idea of the qualities and defects of the brother poets:—

"Il était autrefois, au Comté de Champagne,
Un noble châtelain, sire de Champfleury,
Ayant pris jeune épouse; et plus douce Compagne
Au foyer conjugal, jamais n'avait souri."

(c) London: Barthes and Co.

Once more, and for the present we have done with the poets. M. Edouard Grenier was "crowned" by the Academy, at the same time with M. Louis Ratisbonne, for his volume simply entitled, "Petits Poèmes." The principal of these is called the "Death of the Wandering Jew." The theme, briefly told, is this:—Ahasuerus, after wandering about the world for eighteen centuries, is at last absolved by repentance. He obtains from Christ Himself pardon and the death, that is to say, the repose, he so much implored:—

"Et la main dans la main, sans trouble, sans secousse,
Ils glissent à la mort par une pente douce."

One would like to transcribe many beautiful verses from these beautiful poems. Translations are odious.

We must now enter a world of realities, without, however, disputing that there are realities in prose and verse, as well as in the every-day work of the world. We mentioned last week the exhibitions in the School of the Fine Arts at Paris for the Prize of Rome. We have since read that the first prize in painting was awarded to Mr. Michel, of Montpellier, the pupil of MM. Picot and Cabanel; the second to M. Lalande, of Laroch-sur-Bois (Drôme), the pupil of MM. Coignet and Robert Fleury. Not having seen the pictures exhibited last week, and which will be exhibited until Sunday next (to-morrow) we are not in position to pronounce judgment upon their merits from personal inspection. Local critics speak out, and perhaps ill-naturedly. The subject of the prize picture was *Sophocles declaiming his Tragedy*, "Œdipus," when accused by his sons of not being able to take care of himself. One critic says that nearly all the competitors, instead of placing Sophocles in the agora under the open sky, and in face of the temples and statues of Athens, have placed him in the interior of an Athenian police court, more Roman than Grecian in its architecture, and where the audience is composed of some dozen heads, without expression, without passion, and whose costumes, a kind of scarlet Roman toga, would more become the curule chairs of the Senate, than the steps of a Grecian tribunal. In some cases the drawing of the figures is praised; in others they are compared to the wax figures in a hair-dresser's window. There may be truth in these criticisms; but the French can say of themselves what they would not have a neighbour say.

MISCELLANEA.

THE SYRIAN RELIEF FUND.—We were led into this train of thought by observing on the beach at Shanklin, that one of the bathing establishments was turned for the time into a Fine Arts Gallery on a limited scale. Around the walls were hung a number of spirited sketches and many finished oil-paintings, which a modest written placard announced were for sale for the benefit of the Syrian Relief Fund. On examination, we saw with pleasure that they were really good as works of art, and not mere Fancy Fair appeals to sympathy; a fact that was evident, from the severe test to which the artist had ventured to expose them, for we had but to step to the door, and some of the subjects—as Culver Cliffs, and Shanklin Chine, and Dunnose—were before us, so that the comparison of the original and the picture could be effected at a glance; this test they stood well. On inquiry, we learnt that much the greater part of the collection was from the pencil of a soldier *en retraite*, Major-General E. Napier, who now resides in the neighbourhood where he sketches so well, and who has a deep personal interest in the Syrians of all classes. In a lengthened course of service he has been much among them, and knows them thoroughly, and now that thousands of their number depend for daily bread on English charity, he has come forward to help them in a way that we hope may find ample encouragement. . . . We mention this devotion of time and talents to the cause of pure philanthropy on the part of a gallant gentleman, because it seems to us well worthy of being imitated, either for this or similar purposes. We heartily wish the General success in his benevolent project, and have little doubt that he will achieve it. He has, we know, had some practice in this

way already, for in the course of the Crimean war he raised a subscription of £1,000 or more in county of Hants, for the relief of our troops before Sebastopol, and also collected a considerable sum for the benefit of their widows and orphans, by an exhibition very similar to the present one.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for October.

It is not enough that another man sees for me. I must see for myself. But what is physical by the side of intellectual darkness? Blind John Milton was still the foremost man of his day. Henry Brougham—we speak of him by his name as he was known in the heyday of his life, and the full vigour of manhood—treated with scorn the notion, that in proportion as you educated a people they became unmanageable. What do we hear now of Nottingham frame-breakers, and rick-burners, and Captain Swing? The schoolmaster has taught these poor people better things. The last symptom of the disease—and the disease is ignorance—which has come before us of late, has been in the illegal association of workmen to prevent their fellows, by violence and intimidation, from taking their labour to market upon their own terms. The schoolmaster has work before him still, and will do more to purge the minds of the labouring classes from this foul error than all that can be accomplished by the magistrate and the judge.—*Once a Week*.

THE LATE AUGUSTUS WELBY PUGIN.—A movement is on foot for raising a monument to the memory of the late Augustus Welby Pugin; and we are glad to hear that it is taking so practical and useful a form as to enable many to join in it who would, perhaps, not feel bound to help if the object were only a stained-glass window or a statue to the memory of one who, though singularly gifted, enthusiastic, and energetic, nevertheless failed to leave behind him any work which can fairly be pronounced a great work of art for all time. Pugin died young; but the deed for which he really deserves credit is the stimulus his writings, even more than his buildings, gave to the revived study of mediæval architecture, sculpture, and painting. It is right, therefore, that any scheme the object of which is to preserve and do honour to his memory before men, should take a form such as that which the proposition now assumes—namely, of a travelling studentship (to which it is proposed to add a medal), generally analogous to those of the Royal Academy, but tenable only for travels in the United Kingdom, and for drawing its mediæval antiquities. This is the thing above all others to which young students of architecture ought to give their attention—and, as far as we are able to judge from architectural exhibitions, just the point to which they seldom do attend. If there were a more earnest study of ancient architecture, we should have fewer blunders and fewer absurdities than now; and unless men study the old examples when they are young, it is notorious that they never do so at all. Such a memorial as that proposed Pugin himself, we cannot doubt, would most approve; for he was ever earnest and willing to assist others in life, and could not but rejoice that his memory should also be serviceable to men, in aiding the study he most delighted in. It is one, moreover, which may be joined in by all lovers of our ancient architecture, however diverse may be the degrees of their estimates of the works of Pugin himself. The committee consists of upwards of seventy noblemen and gentlemen. The honorary secretaries are Mr. Joseph Clarke and Mr. Talbot Bury. The following words of Pugin himself, at page 20 of his "Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture in England," confirm in a peculiar manner the original opinion of the committee, that the form of memorial proposed is the most appropriate:—"God grant me the means, and I would soon place architectural studies on such a footing that the glory of these latter days should be even greater than that of the former. I would also have travelling students, but I would circumscribe their limits—Durham the destination of some; Lincolnshire's steeped fens for others; Northampton's spires, and Yorkshire's venerable piles; Suffolk and Norfolk's coasts; Oxford, Devonshire, and Warwick, each county should be indeed a school—for each is a school—where those who run may read, and where volumes of ancient art lie open for all inquirers."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MUDIE'S MONOPOLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—One of Carlyle's earliest and most emphatic dicta was that the age of the booksellers had passed away for ever. He no doubt meant this to be a matter of congratulation to modern writers. The autocratic power of the booksellers once done away with, it seemed as if the authors' millennium must be close at hand. No second Goldsmith would smart beneath the tyranny of a Griffith, or the abuse of a Griffith's spouse. No second Johnson would munch his dinner, or write to order, behind the screen of the bookseller. The public were to be their own judges, and there were to be no mediators between them and their amusers or instructors. This has, to a certain extent been realised. The booksellers have been placed in a somewhat equivocal position. They are still partly the patrons of the authors, but they are also the patronised. I suppose Longmans may be considered to have been patronised by Macaulay or Sir James Emerson Tennent; Murray by Hallam or Motley; Parker (J. W.) by Mill, Kingsley, and Whately; Blackwood by George Eliot; Chapman and Hall by Dickens; Smith and Elder by Ruskin and Thackeray. But you are not likely to forget that the publishers are also patrons—the patrons of new authors and reviewers; and I for one am not likely to forget the awful chill which pervaded my system when I first stood in the presence of my future publisher. Now, however, a new and excessively disturbing element has begun to intrude itself into the literary world—an element which must be highly gratifying to upholders of the principle of centralisation, and not less so to all who take delight in the development of individual power. I mean the element of Mudie. What a pity Goldsmith, and his brethren of Grub Street, could not have seen your article of last week! It would have amply repaid them for the insults and humiliation, and inferior pay, which the booksellers now receive from the Griffiths of New Oxford Street.

At the same time, let not authors suppose that the publishers are the only victims of the destructive influences exercised by our new literary element. Authors are themselves every bit as much injured as the booksellers. They are injured directly by the refusal of their works by the fastidiousness or sectarianism of the modern Griffiths; and they are injured indirectly by an appeal to the same authority on the part of the publishers, with whom the name of Mudie has now become as potent to repress the independence of authors, as that of Richard the Crusader was to repress the tearful wail of Oriental infants. Where the author had formerly to resist the publisher, he has now to resist both Mudie and the publisher—now become Mudie's tool. In fact, it seems to me that Mudie bids fair to become a perfect social evil. In the first place, he injures the publisher by only paying him half price for his book, instead of the trade price. Next he injures the bookseller by underselling him, as the difference between half price and trade price very easily enables him to do. Thirdly, he injures the author by rejecting books from capriciousness worse than capricious motives. And, fourthly, he injures the public by constituting himself the Aristarchus of the day. This last injury is the one which is most sure to be redressed, and, in fact, needs only to be pointed out for its full force to be seen. It may be said that if the public object to the assumption of this character on

Mudie's part, they have always the remedy in their own hands. The withdrawal of the annual pound will cause a speedy collapse in the Mudie fabric. But this, after all, is the very last thing I would wish to see. Mudie, the library, as you say, is an institution, a decided institution, and one of the most important conveniences which the public enjoy; but Mudie, the man, is—nothing. Well, say the public, what have we to do with Mudie, the man? To which I answer—everything. Instead of following the public taste, as every tradesman is supposed to do, Mudie, by insidious means, contrives to lead it. I know lots of people, with whom the announcement that Mudie would not have a book in his library because it was improper, would have the most telling effect, and probably damn the book. And so, forsooth, because Mudie did not like the name, his subscribers find "Morals of Mayfair" tabooed (for I have reason to believe that you refer to that work when you talk about "one of the most popular novels of the day issuing from Great Marlborough Street" some four or five years ago.) You ask what qualification Mudie has for thus becoming a public censor *librorum*. I do not care what qualifications he may have, but I deny most emphatically that any man has the qualifications for this post of judging for me what books I ought or ought not to read. And this is what Mudie does. It is true that, with men like you and me, this is impossible; but you remember, sir, Carlyle's famous statement that the British nation consisted of 17,000,000 individuals, "mostly fools." The step, therefore, for the public to take, is to bring a strong pressure to bear on Mudie, and insist on his having books *whether they are out or not*. And the publishers—have not they a remedy? What could be simpler than for them to form a combination among themselves? Workmen enjoy the privilege of "striking." I see no reason why publishers should not "strike" too. If the chief publishing firms would combine, and refuse to let Mudie have works at less than a certain trade price—certainly more than half the publishing price—the thing required would be done, nor would the public suffer in the least. I trust very sincerely that this or some similar plan will be adopted, and that authors will be delivered from the Mudie tyranny.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Oct. 4, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—Permit me for one, as an author and a clergyman, to thank you for your able article on the above nuisance. You did not write one word too many. I sincerely trust that authors, publishers, and booksellers will unite all their influence and efforts to pull down the horrible monopoly, root and branch. I am one of the many authors who depend—by reason of the existing ecclesiastical anomalies—upon their pens for their subsistence. But unless I am the favourite of Mr. Mudie, which I do not happen to be, publishers look dubious at my MSS., even after their "literary advisers" may have pronounced them "of immense popular interest." The heads of several publishing firms apostrophised me more than once—"It is impossible to say by what whim Mudie may be influenced; and an article in the 'Times' turned that man's brains."

Now, sir, could not a joint-stock company—a sort of national circulating library—be organised, which might be conducted on principles of *truth and justice*, conducted by men whose opinion of literature can be depended upon? Why should not the principal publishers and booksellers unite to supply such a crying desideratum? May I presume to propose that you reprint your telling article on the subject for general circulation amongst publishers, booksellers, and book clubs throughout the United Kingdom? Peradventure justice may be done, by your instru-

mentality, to all respectable authors. I enclose my card to assure you that I am, &c., &c.,

AN AUTHOR OF SOME STANDING.

British Museum, Oct. 1, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY GAZETTE."

SIR,—I have read with much surprise the article on Mr. Mudie which appeared in your last number; and without entering at all into the opinions it contains, or making any comment on the style in which those opinions are expressed, I beg to contradict the statement on which the charges you make against Mr. Mudie are founded. You lead the public to suppose that Mr. Mudie, as a rule, refuses to take copies of a new book unless he can obtain them at half price. Mr. Mudie's transactions with the house with which I am connected have been very large, and I am in a position, therefore, to speak upon the subject. I distinctly deny the truth of your statement.

I enclose my card, and remain, your obedient servant,
A LONDON PUBLISHER.

Oct. 4, 1860.

[We are happy to publish this letter, not on account of its intrinsic value, but as helping to ventilate the question. It is obviously no answer, not even the feeblest, to our article. We made several distinct charges, one only of which our correspondent answers, and that by uncourteous, passionate, and therefore, worthless contradiction.—Ed. "Literary Gazette."]

PREVENTION OF RAIN.—Granting the complete success of Mons. Helvetius Otto's "Pluvifuges," a very interesting legal question arises. Would not an action for damages lie against the workers of the machines in Town A., in case of Towns B. and C. suffering from the undue quantity of rain which would be liable to fall to their share, if town A. succeeded in puffing it all away from themselves? for the vapour blown from one place must needs be blown to some other. Or say that towns B. C., and even D. and E. were as sharp-witted as town A., and set up equally efficacious machines; there certainly ought to be some redress for town F., in case of its being altogether submerged, as might very possibly happen under such circumstances. This delicate point of law ought surely to be well looked into, before the "Pluvifuges" are fairly at work! *Nil mortalibus arduum est*. If Mons. Helvetius Otto would turn his ingenious mind to the annihilation of the vapour which forms the rain-clouds, or invent a vapour-restrainer to regulate the quantity which shall go up from the earth and tropical seas, it would be much more to the purpose. As it is, if the vapour is once in the air, and cannot, even by his "Pluvifuges," be propelled into that chimerical locality, "empty space," why then it cannot be got rid of altogether; and if it does not fall *here*, will inevitably come down *there*; and the farmers round town F. ought decidedly to be compensated, should their sheaves be floating breast deep in water, because towns A., B., C., D., and E. decline having any rain at all.—*Notes and Queries*.

Fashion alone produces constant changes in our floriculture. The holly-hock was nearly banished by the dahlia, and is found even now—more's the pity—oftener in the cottager's garden than in the dressed ground of the squire. It is to be hoped the cottar will not give it up, and that the squire will take it back; indeed there is evidence that he is doing so. What can be finer than a varied group of them, pillars of brilliant colours, against an old stone wall, or clump of dark shrubs? The most gorgeous bit of colour we can remember to have seen was a front garden thus fitted up, near Wilton, in Wiltshire. There are some capital single specimens round about the spot of which we have been speaking. The dahlia, we may mention, which comes from Mexico and is named after Dahl, a Swede, was brought into fashion by Lady Holland, at Holland House, Kensington, in 1804. The English are peculiarly favoured in being able to cultivate, thanks to climate and science, nearly every description of plant. The wonderful orchid from Mexico, the moss from Iceland, the creeper from Indian jungle, can alike be made to flourish in this country.

THE TURNER pension of £50 has been given to Mr. J. M. Wright, the veteran water-colour painter.

OWEN'S COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.
IN CONNECTION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—SESSION 1890-91.—The COLLEGE will OPEN for the Session on Monday, the 1st October, 1890. The Session will terminate in July, 1891.

PRINCIPAL

J. G. GREENWOOD, B.A.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION will be given in the following departments, viz.:

Classics.....Professor J. G. Greenwood, B.A.

Comparative Grammar, English Language, Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy.....Professor A. J. Scott, M.A.

Mathematics.....Professor A. Sandeman, M.A.

Natural Philosophy.....Professor R. B. Clifton, B.A.

History, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy.....Professor R. C. Christie, M.A.

Chemistry (Elementary, Analytical and Practical).....Professor Henry T. Roscoe, B.A., Ph.D., F.C.S.

Natural History (for this session), Anatomy and Physiology.....Professor W. C. Williamson, M.R.C.S.L., F.R.S.

Original Languages.....Professor T. Theodores.

French.....Monsieur A. Pedevin.

German.....Mr. T. Theodores.

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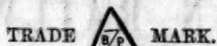
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